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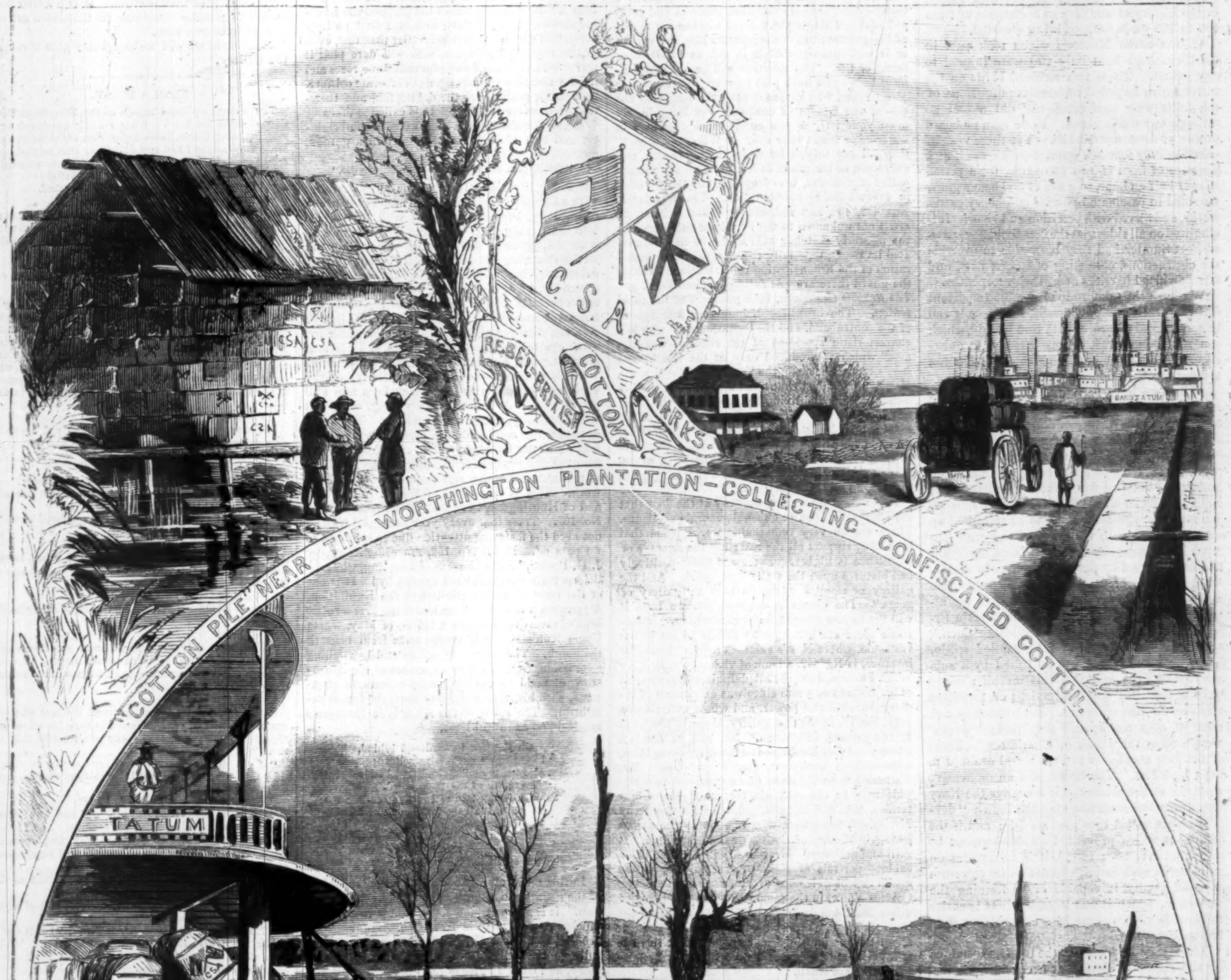


Rolling Cotton on Board the "Tatum."

COLLECTING CONFISCATED ANGLO-REBEL COTTON IN THE SOUTHWEST.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 286.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

"Scarcely any paper is doing so much for UNION and LIBERTY as *Harper's Weekly*."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

IRON-CLADS.

THE fight at Charleston is the third practical test of iron-clad vessels. The first was the *Merrimac* drama, which proved that iron-clad vessels could resist ordinary shot; that iron-clad vessels with beaks could sink wooden vessels without suffering any serious injury; and that two iron-clad vessels might fight each other at close quarters without inflicting much damage. The second was the bombardment of Fort M'Allister, which proved that iron-clads of the *Monitor* type can bombard a fort within easy range, and sustain a pretty heavy fire without fatal injury. The third experiment proves that these same vessels can stand the heaviest fire ever known in the history of artillery at a distance of from 300 to 750 yards without being disabled.

Of the seven Monitors which took part in the Charleston fight only two were injured to any extent. These two received blows on the turret which impeded its revolution. None of the hulls were perforated, nor did a ball go through any single turret. Not a man on board of any of them lost his life. Yet these vessels, carrying only fourteen guns, were exposed, at a distance of from 300 to 750 yards, for a period of over half an hour, to a fire of 300 heavy guns, mounted in casemate batteries and heavy earth-works, and served with precision and vigor. It is admitted on all sides that the fleet could have passed Fort Sumter had they been able to override the obstructions, consisting of stakes, nets, and other artificial barriers armed with torpedoes.

We have thus determined a most important fact in naval warfare, which is, that vessels can be constructed of iron, or with iron plating, which can run the gauntlet of any batteries in existence. This is progress, undoubtedly; but not enough has been done as yet.

While we have been building Monitors the rebels have not been idle. They have brought to perfection the science of defensive warfare, as applied to the defenses of a port. The combination of piles, stakes, nets, cordage, and torpedoes, which blocked the entry of Charleston harbor on 7th April was without precedent, and, judging it by its effects, it was a perfect success. We may note the fact as one to be treasured up for use hereafter, in the event of war with Europe; but meanwhile the much more important and immediate duty devolves upon us of discovering a means of demolishing such submarine antagonists. It was understood, before the attack on Charleston was made, that Captain Ericsson had invented a machine called a "devil," which was nothing more than a gigantic torpedo, borne on a submarine raft and fired by a submarine battery; and that this machine would quickly demolish any obstructions or torpedoes lying in the line of its fire. For some reason or other it does not appear that these "devils" were used at the attack on Charleston. Three of the four sent down to Port Royal are said to have been lost. The fourth was an inoffensive spectator of the conflict. It behooves the Navy Department to ascertain why the fourth "devil" was not called into play on 7th; and if the judgment which prevented its employment be shown to have been sound, it is incumbent on us to make such improvements in its structure as shall render it capable of performing the service for which it was intended. It is easier to blow up obstructions in a channel-way than to establish them.

The fate of the *Keokuk*; the injuries sustained by the *Ironsides*, though at a considerable distance from the rebel forts; and the deep indentations made by the Anglo-rebel shell and shot in the Monitor turrets, demonstrate clearly that an iron shield, to resist a fire of 8 or 10 inch rifled shot at close quarters, must be rather over than under ten inches of solid iron. This is far heavier plating than is worn by any iron-clad vessel afloat, except the Monitors. The French and English iron-clads, of the *Warrior* and *La Gloire* type, carry plates of from 4 to 5 inches in thickness. We presume that at a distance of 500 yards, every well-aimed rifled shot from our large guns would go through this plating as easily as an old 12-pounder, fired from an old smooth-bore gun, penetrated the wooden sides of an old three-decker. Under these circumstances one can not but admire the simplicity of the Navy Department in equipping the *Roanoke* for sea, at a vast expense. This vessel carries 4½ inch plating, and her sides stand 8 feet out of water. Nothing could be better conceived for a target; and a vessel like the *Montauk* or *Passaic* would probably sink her in fifteen minutes without sustaining any injury.

The lessons taught by the three practical experiments of iron-clads which we have made are these:

1st. That in future naval combats no vessel should be entered that is not iron-clad.

2d. That to be of service the plating on the exposed portion of the vessel should be not less than ten inches thick.

3d. That however iron-plating may increase the defensive power of a vessel, it does not increase its aggressive power against forts, and that—Providence being always on the side of the heaviest artillery—we can not expect to succeed if we fight 300 guns with 14; but that we must increase the number of our guns, that is to say the number of our vessels, so that when next we fight we may fire as many tons of iron as the enemy.

4th. That iron-clads are as helpless against submarine obstructions as wooden vessels, and that the explosive power of powder must be developed in some new machine, akin to Ericsson's "devils," to destroy or remove such obstructions.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE war so absorbs the public mind—our literature in every form is so full of it—it is so much in our hearts and mouths—that, as you ascend the staircase to the gallery of the National Academy's thirty-eighth annual exhibition, you will find yourself asking whether the noise of war has not reached the quiet studios of the painters also, and whether it will make itself felt in art, as in all other forms of life. The question will be answered almost before you have paid your annual respects to Mrs. Croker, who sits, as of old—and long may she sit—at the receipt of custom. For immediately upon your left, as you enter, three drawings in water-color arrest your eye. "Who goes there?" they all say to you by their vigor, breadth, and character, as the guard in No. 432 shouts to the appalled contraband, who drops his bundle and stick in overwhelming consternation. These pictures, Nos. 432, 434, and 435, are by Thomas Nast, an artist not unknown to the friends of this paper for the masterly sketches with which he has illuminated its pages, especially the picture in commemoration of the Emancipation Proclamation. Beside the guard there are *The Intelligent Contraband* and *The Reliable Gentleman*, both products of the rebel region. The broad-faced, humorous intelligence of the contraband, and the "gentleman," who is a characteristic specimen of the class of "gentlemen" which is produced only at the South, and seems crossed between the Yankee and the Spanish Mexican—Ichabod Crane and a guerrilla chieftain—are all fresh and living illustrations of the time; nor have we any where seen a finer type of the loyal soldier in this war—the soldier who has not forfeited his rights of a citizen, despite Governor Seymour—than the picket whose challenge so dismays the contraband. There is a charming grace and ease in all three sketches.

And indeed we may as well say at the door that the Exhibition is of an unusual general excellence. There are no very remarkable works, none that hopelessly surpass all the rest; but the average of excellence is higher. There are fewer positively bad pictures upon the walls than usual. And the gallery of smaller works is truly a "gallery of gems." The phrase is original, but we hope it will not be less acceptable for that reason. Meanwhile there are other pretty things to see in the vestibule, where Nast's sketches hang. Here, for instance, is No. 442, a bank of violets in spring, by W. H. Furness, Jun., of Philadelphia, whose portrait of his father two years since was an earnest of remarkable skill and power, and whose portrait of a lady, No. 17, in the first gallery, is one of the finest in the present exhibition. No. 270, in the last gallery—*A Boy Reading*—has the same thoughtful, conscientious treatment, simple and true. Mr. Furness has no apparent mannerism—no tricks to unlearn. In the vestibule, too, are a pair of butterflies, Nos. 455 and 456, painted from nature by Mr. Joseph Bridgham, who reproduces the astonishing brilliancy of the original hues with great skill and delicacy. Mr. Saintin, in No. 447, has a cabinet portrait of Kensett, the painter, whose genial aspect welcomes every comer to the rooms. Calvert Vaux, in the same room, has two plans of villas, Nos. 450 and 454, which are rich without gingerbread, and effective without niggling. Look about the vestibule. Don't suppose that there is nothing to see because it is a vestibule, or because the works are small.

The war confronts us again as we enter the large gallery and turn to the right to begin. No. 3 is a *Loyal Refugee*, by Vincent Colyer, who went as a teacher to North Carolina, and paints what he knows. The refugee is a slave boy escaping to our lines; and the picture opens the Exhibition with a thrill, for we remember as we look at it that the flag of the United States is at last what it was meant to be, the flag of freedom to all mankind. Bierstadt's *Mountain Brook*, No. 6, is charming. The mossy rocks and the smooth green water delight the study which they invite. So *Sunrise at Narraganset*, No. 10, by W. S. Haseltine, is more a technical study than a picture, but it has the reddish warmth of the Narraganset shore, and sparkles cheerily. Mr. Gifford's *Kauterskill Clove*, No. 15, attracts much attention. It is the representation of an exceptional effect of sunlight in autumn. The shaggy mountain sides are impressive, but the mind is in constant doubt about the light. So in the next section, No. 90, *Mansfield Mountain, Sunset*, a careful work of Mr. Gifford's, is another peculiar effect, full of splendor. But both of these pictures, and No. 385, *Como*, in the small gallery, are almost *sensational*. Such aspects of nature are so infrequent that you doubt whether you are not arrested by the novelty of the effect rather than by the accuracy of the work; and when they are constantly selected by a painter they become a mannerism. Thus No. 385 would be recognized any where as a Gifford, not by its real merit, but by a purely mannered treatment. On the other hand, his No. 409, in the same room, *Baltimore, 1862, Twilight*—one of the pictures of the war, in which the painter has taken his part—is to us the most pleasing of his works in the Exhibition. The solemn figure of the sentry against the bright evening red—the spires and domes of the distant city—the guns and piles of balls—and the long line of the parapet, are simply and exquisitely done. The picture is a poem. Mr. Gifford is a painter of so much talent that he can do nothing ill; but is he not too fond of a superficial effect, while he has all the power necessary for the simplest and truest impression?

Mr. John Lafarge's *Flowers in a Lacquer Bowl*, No. 21, are admirable. The moist, rich, crisp fullness of a mat of blossoms is broadly and beautifully done. In No. 53 we have Healy's portrait of the poet Longfellow. It is a capital likeness, and painted with great force. Healy has two other portraits of the heroic size and treatment, No. 181, *Dr. O. A. Brownson*, and No. 195, *The Archbishop of Baltimore*. If they were both priests we should say leonine and feline. Certainly the doughty Doctor looks like a very battering-ram of the Church. But his intrinsic good-humor shines and sparkles through the strength. The three are very effective portraits. No. 87, *A Lady*, is a portrait by Mr. Stone, whose skill in handling is mingled with a certain rich and luxurious taste which makes his portraits as picturesque as Sir Peter Lely's. If, standing before the picture, the Lounger throws down his glove and says that no Lely portrait of Charles's court is lovelier than this, even to the rippling love-locks, who will dare pick it up? Will it be some one who puts June roses and muslin and blue ribbons against elaborate coiffure, rich stuffs, pearls, and the dainty fan, and therefore declares for No. 112? It is called *A Morning Walk*, by Thomas Hicks, and is one of the brightest and best of his works. A girl in a garden, not

> "Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,"

but a day lily rather, clad in the airiest muslin, with a thin trickle of blue ribbon around her neck; fresh, dewy, buoyant, swinging with lithe grace into the morning air. Let him who will quarrel with the hands in this portrait. They shall not unclasp for him, and he had better betake himself out of the spring sunshine into No. 111, *The Last Days of October*, by J. R. Brevoort, where the brightness is the hectic of death. It is one of the many autumn pictures in the Exhibition; Mr. Whittley's *Autumn, New Jersey*, No. 121, is another, near by. They are both characteristic scenes and pleasant pictures. Mr. Kensett, in No. 123, *Morning in the White Mountains*, shows that clear, masterly, healthy vigor and exquisite feeling which keep him still pre-eminent. A lichened mossy crag, sharp cut against the sky, rises from the foliage. The broad daylight, the ample air, the careful and delicate leaf-work, the hard, gray rock, and the pervasive firmness and fineness of handling, make Mr. Kensett characteristically represented by this single work. This is true, also, of Elliott in No. 143, and of Huntington, President of the Academy, in No. 137. Trees that every year bear good fruit do not need the fostering attention due to saplings, so we pass on. But if No. 152, *Marching Along*, by J. G. Brown, be the blossom of a sapling, what delicious fruit we shall have by-and-by! It is one of the most charming pictures in the Exhibition. A procession of children are marching over a rustic bridge, escorting perhaps a Queen of May, whom Uncle Kuhleborn will surely seize from beneath the plank. The variety of artless and bewitching expression, from the rapt sweetness of the flower-crowned maid to the little hind-captain in petticoats, with his solemn effort to share the fun, is delightful. The spirit of the scene is in Emerson's musical and beautiful lines,

> "With children forward and behind,
> Like Cupids studiously inclined;
> And he, the chieftain, paced beside
> The centre of the troop allied,
> With sunny face of sweet repose,
> To guard the babe from fancied foes,
> The little captain innocent
> Took the eye with him as he went;
> Each village senior paused to scan
> And speak the lovely caravan."

In this room, also, is one of the large landscapes of the Exhibition, *Gibraltar*, No. 136, by S. Colman, Jun. It is an open, placid, daylight portrait of the famous rock, a historic landscape. Huntington's *Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel*, No. 146, is fully in the delightfully humorous spirit of the story, and Gray's *Pride of the Village*, No. 128, is a charming pendant. Any lover of Irving would be very lucky in owning the two pictures, interesting not only from their subjects, drawn from his pages, but from the association of the two painters and friends, the President and Vice-President of the Academy. Near by, No. 130, is a small picture of Gray's, *America in 1862*. A kneeling manly figure of a slave looks up into the eyes of the genius of America, who breaks his chains with one hand and offers him a sword with the other. The motto of the State of Virginia might well be engraved beneath it, *Sic semper tyrannis*. Mr. Gray deserves the earnest thanks of every worthy American for the noble aspect which he has given to the slave—a fine foreshadowing of the benediction of Justice to a race called to resume its manhood. In No. 157, Mr. William Morgan, a name unknown to us hitherto, has a portrait group, figures of cabinet size, with an interior. Of one of the likenesses, at least, we can speak in high praise.

But we must turn abruptly from the third section of the large gallery, looking in as we go upon the collection in the "Small Gallery." Here No. 240, the *Bridge of Sighs*, by Charles Parsons, is a most poetic and admirable picture. The weird dim arches of the bridge, with the dimmer arches of other bridges in the murky distance, the dreary silence of the water level, and the vague confused roar of the city far above; a blankness and heavy sadness every where, as if the tragic death stirred the air into dull gloom, as the body and rocking boat ripple the river into faint waves, are full of pathos. In this little picture Mr. Parsons has modestly dared, and succeeded. It is not unworthy its subject; and the line of the poem of Hood's which he has placed in the catalogue does not extinguish the impression of his work.

> "All that remains of her now is pure womanly."

The poem itself is the complement of Burns's "A man's a man for a' that." For it says, with infinite pathetic tenderness, a woman's a woman for a' that. The interest of the picture lies in the sentiment of the whole scene rather than in the figures; and it is one of the most truly imaginative works in the collection. This room deserves a separate notice, which it shall surely have. But meanwhile we must mention Mr. Hennessy's three exquisite little pictures Nos. 323, 334, and 361, and Mr. Winslow Homer's Nos. 255, and 371. The two last are incidents of the camp, treated with perfect spirit and freshness. No. 371, *Home, Sweet Home*, was marked "for sale" in the catalogue on the first day. But on the second it was labeled "sold." It is a little work of real feeling; soldiers in camp listening to the evening band, and thinking of the wives and darlings far away. There is no strained effect in it, no sentimentality, but a hearty, homely actuality, broadly, freely, and simply worked out. We beg the visitor to the Exhibition not to be confused by the multitude of small works in this room, but to take our word for it that he will be repaid by giving plenty of time to them. It is a collection as full of promise and cheer for American art as any we have ever seen.

Next week we will make another tour through the Gallery.

FROM A DIARY.

THE young gentleman known as the Marquis of Hartington shows his hand. I was reading his speech this morning, when James T—— looked over my shoulder and asked me whether I had any doubt now that he wore the rebel badge at the Fifth Avenue ball by deliberate design?

"It certainly looks bad for him," I answered.

"And how does it look for the ball?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that a man who has no other claim to attention whatever than that he is the son of an English duke insults host and guests and is allowed to remain in the house."

"Ah, yes."

"Yes; and that isn't the worst of it."

"No?"

"Not at all. I do not forget that he was rebuked by a young officer who knew, if nobody else did, that he ought to have been shown the door. Yes, and there was more than one guest who thought the same. The young men of New York did not mean to suffer the insult to pass unnoticed; but they deferred to the claim of the officer, who declared that it was his right to reprove him. But doesn't it seem to you that the host had a certain duty in the case?"

"Undoubtedly."

"If a gentleman at a party gets drunk and begins to sing an indecent song, the host is the proper person to expel him."

"Undoubtedly."

"Wasn't this a thousandfold more insolent insult?"

"It certainly was. And as you were there, and I wasn't, just tell me, did the host censure this man?"

"Not that I am aware. But he felt aggrieved with the young officer for making trouble."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And didn't he try to salve the wound to the susceptibilities of this English offender, by asking him to dine the next day or soon afterward?"

"Such is the story here at the club."

"Didn't he reproach the young American officer for his conduct?"

"So I hear."

"Well, now, the young Englishman goes home and says that we don't know when we are beaten; that the Union is dissolved; and repeats all the rest of the British slang about us, doesn't he?"

"I have just read it."

"Who ought, then, to be aggrieved, the host who was angry that the lord wasn't allowed to show his colors unrebuked, or the young officer who was resolved that he shouldn't?"

"If you put me on my honor, I say that the event justifies the young man, because it is now clear that the rebel badge was willingly worn."

"What reparation can be made him?"

"He needs none from all generous and loyal men. They have always applauded his conduct. And I think that the host owes him his warmest thanks for preventing his house being known as a place where an Englishman could insult this country unrebuked."

As we were speaking old ——, who plays whist at the Disunion Club, joined us.

"Pooh, pooh!" said he, "what business is it of ours? It was in a private house."

"That indeed," answered James T——; "but it was a public insult, and the whole country knows it. While such things happen it is no wonder that the London *Times* and all foreigners and rebels suppose that we are not in earnest. If the war is a joke, it is no matter whether every Englishman in the city wears the rebel badge or not. But if it be earnest, and the thousands who have lost friends, sons, husbands, brothers, fathers, and lovers think it is, any man who tolerates such an offense insults them all, and secures further slaughter by encouraging the rebels and their friends to believe that we shall presently come to terms. Of course this young Englishman has said to every body he meets, 'Oh, it's a mere game of brag! Why, I wore a rebel badge in the finest society in New York, among the very people who subscribed heavily for the war two years ago; and when a young fellow in a uniform talked big about it the host was vexed with him, and blamed him the next day. No, no. The war is only a jolly sham with the people at the North. It is real only with the Confederates.'"

Old ——, who plays whist at the Disunion Club, grunted and left us.

THE ACCOUNT WITH ENGLAND.

THE public interest is constantly turned to our relations with England. The unequivocal statement of the British Government by the mouth of Lord Palmerston that it will not be driven by any cry which may be raised "to come down to this House with a proposal to alter the law" is a distinct declaration that it will furnish no remedy for the wrong it commits.

What, then, is the wrong? That ships are built and armed and manned in the ports of a friendly neutral to prey upon our commerce; and that already they have almost driven trade from American bottoms. Our claim is, that a frank and fair enforcement of her own neutrality act would obviate the complaint: and that, beyond her own laws, the law of nations forbids the offense.

To this perfectly plain statement the reply of

England is quibbling, evasive, and confused. The Solicitor-General says that the offense if committed is an infraction of municipal law merely, and that it is at the option of Britain to enforce it or not. If we wish to complain we may do so, and if we can bring sufficient legal evidence the British Government will probably stop the proceedings.

We answer that a friendly power will not hesitate, under such grave circumstances as those of this war, to detain ships upon suspicion as we did during the Crimean war: and that when she stands out upon purely technical grounds, when the moral proof is overwhelming to all the world, she reveals a disposition which is not friendly.

Thereupon the British Government replies that to sell and fit a vessel of war is no more unfriendly than to sell guns and ammunition to either party. To which the answer is conclusive that the English laws themselves make a difference, which is recognized by international law, and by the very action of the British Government, which, at the last moment, and of course too late, sent to stop the *Alabama*. When merchants sell goods they are used at the option of the buyer; but when a ship-builder like Mr. Laird builds ships for a purpose of which Mr. Laird does not even pretend ignorance, and which is to prey upon the commerce of a friendly power, there is a breach not only of the municipal, but of international, law. And, as the London *Daily News* remarks, it is for the Solicitor-General to answer why Mr. Laird, after his open confession of guilt, was not indicted by the Government: since by the proclamation of neutrality the Queen warned her subjects against "violating or contravening *either* the laws and statutes of the realm in behalf of neutrality, or the law of nations in relation thereto."

The case is very simple. Our commerce is ruined by ships built in England, manned in England, armed in England, sailing from English harbors, entering only English ports, flying only the English flag until just at the moment of striking, when they run up a flag which is no more recognized as a national flag, by any government in the world, than a red bandana handkerchief. We respectfully represent the facts. The Prime Minister smirks, the Solicitor-General twiddles his thumbs, and says that his Government can not help it. Are we not forced then to ask how we can help ourselves? If the difficulty lies in English laws which the Government will not execute, or in the law of nations, which it chooses to disregard, the result for us is the same. Our ships are hunted from the sea, and our commerce is transferred to British vessels. It remains, then, for this nation merely to consider when, and in what way, it will be most wise for it to defend itself.

EDWARD EVERETT DIFFUSING "SOUND POLITICAL INFORMATION."

MR. EDWARD EVERETT has recently made a speech which we commend to the attention of Mr. G. Ticknor Curtis, Mr. James Brooks, and other Bell-Everett members of the Delmonico Committee for diffusing sound political information. One passage in it is especially addressed to people who hold with Mr. G. Ticknor Curtis that this war is waged unconstitutionally:

"But it may be asked again, how can we support an Administration which adopts measures that we deem unconstitutional? I should certainly be a very unfaithful pupil of the political school in which I was trained if I could ever hear the sacred name of the Constitution justly invoked without respect, or yield to it any thing less than implicit obedience. It is, however, as great an error to appeal to it where it does not apply, as to disregard it where it does: and I must say that the study of our political history ought to teach us caution in this respect; for from the formation of the Government in 1789 to the present day there has not been an important controverted measure—no, not one—which its party opponents have not denounced as unconstitutional. It is one of the doctrines of the seceding school that the Government of the United States could not constitutionally wage war against a sovereign State. But how if the sovereign State strikes the first blow, fires on your vessels, bombards and captures your forts, threatens your capital, and invades the loyal members of the Union who refuse to join in the war of oppression?

"Few, I suppose, will doubt that the United States may constitutionally wage a war of self-defense against any enemy, domestic or foreign. But in waging this war of self-defense we can not, in the opinion of some persons with whom I have usually acted and whose judgment I greatly respect, go beyond the powers specially granted by the Constitution to the General Government for the purposes of ordinary administration in time of peace. This opinion seems to me to rest on a misconception of the authority under which war is waged. The Constitution authorizes Congress to declare war, to raise and support armies, and to provide and maintain a navy, and it clothes the President with the power of Commander-in-Chief. It goes no further. It prescribes nothing as to the enemy against whom, the measures by which, nor the ends for which the war may be carried on. It gives no more power to wage war with a foreign State than with a domestic State; and it is as silent upon the subject of blockading the ports as of seizing the cotton or of emancipating the slaves of a district in rebellion. The rights of war belong to the more comprehensive, in some respects the higher, code of international law, to which not the Government of the United States alone, but all civilized governments are amenable. By that august code all unjust wars are forbidden, and all unjust modes of waging just wars, no matter who may be the enemy or what the pretext: while, by the same code, all just wars, and eminently all wars of self-defense, and all warlike measures sanctioned by our Christian civilization, are permitted, unless so far as they may be expressly prohibited by [illegible] municipal law of our own country."

Mr. Everett then supposes that misunderstanding with Spain had led to war, and that Florida had tried to return to her, and carry Key West, Fort Pickens, and the Tortugas—and he asks:

"Would any one doubt that the United States could, without violating the Constitution, invade Florida, in order to recover the public property, the islands, the forts, and the national establishments thus seized: to repel the enemy: to chastise these acts of hostility to the National Government, and to take effectual security that they should not be repeated? Would not the Government of the United States, without violating the Constitution, be authorized to do precisely the same things in Florida as in Cuba? Would not the arming and employing of the slaves in this just war, as allies inured to the climate and acquainted with the country, be as legitimate on one side of the Gulf of Florida as on the other? and would not their employment under the authority of the United States, and the control and direction of its officers, instead of tending to a servile war and the massacre of the unarmed and defenseless (at which humanity revolts), be the surest means of preventing such barbarities, and reducing this frightful element of danger within the limits of Christian warfare?"

"COLD AND UNFRIENDLY NEUTRALITY."

IN the recent debate upon the *Alabama* in the British Parliament John Bright, after speaking of the fourteen steamers that were building in England for the rebels, described the attitude of Great Britain toward this country as "a cold and unfriendly neutrality." Lord Palmerston, in closing the debate, surpassed his customary insolence. He sneered at the cry against England as part of the ordinary "political capital" of this country. He said that a nation which had set aside its own laws naturally supposed that other nations could do the same. And he spoke of this Government as "the Northern Union," although he knows that the Union with which his own Government, of which he is the head, has treaties of amity and commerce is the United States, both North and South. The British residents in this country are accustomed to speak with the utmost bitterness and contempt of Mr. Seward's tone toward England as insolent. But all the insolence that can be found in all the speeches Mr. Seward ever made, or in all the dispatches he ever wrote, is surpassed by the haughty and intolerable tone of this one speech of Palmerston's. It was a cool, studied insult to a power at peace with Great Britain, and in its way it does as much mischief as the pirates whom it excuses.

But in replying to Mr. Bright Lord Palmerston laid himself open to a thrust which Bright spared him. The gentleman, said Lord Palmerston, speaks of "a cold and unfriendly neutrality. I do not know what the meaning of those terms may be; but they appear to me to be a contradiction in themselves. [Hear, hear.] *If neutrality is more than friendly toward one party it is something very different toward the other* [Laughter, and hear, hear], and ceases to be what in common parlance is meant by neutrality between contending parties."

Precisely so, Mr. Bright might have replied; that is just what I say. British neutrality *is* cold and unfriendly toward the belligerent with which we have treaties, and which is a recognized power in the world; and it *is* something very different toward the belligerent whose national existence we do not recognize, whose flag is unknown to us, with which we have no treaty, and which is not acknowledged by any nation in the world. And this is British neutrality! This is the neutrality which the Prime Minister of England calls "honest and sincere"—the two most unfortunate words for the truth that the English language furnishes.

FOREIGN WAR.

THE speech of the Postmaster-General at the first Sumter meeting in New York was interesting and important, as showing the probable view of our English relations held by the Cabinet. The substance of his remarks was that England is so deeply interested in the success of the rebellion as to be about ready to take up arms for it; and that, under the present circumstances, we ought to avoid giving her a pretext for war. He preferred therefore, he said, the plan of the New York merchants who sent food to Lancashire rather than General Butler's plan of non-intercourse.

Certainly the feeling between the two countries is very inflammable; and, as we have elsewhere said, in making up the account with England, it is for this nation to decide how it may most wisely defend itself against the practical hostility of Great Britain. The complacent reiterations by British papers and politicians of their honest neutrality, are too ludicrously criticised by facts to require any other attention. But we are not to forget that prudence is often the highest heroism. We must not forget, either, that war between America and England would be a misfortune for mankind. We must remember that if John Bull swaggers and blusters, we have ourselves often done the same thing, and every honorable man will be very slow to counsel extreme measures until all others have clearly failed.

But the danger of war is evident from the enormous stake of Great Britain in our civil contest. She is on trial quite as much as we. The victory of this Government is a blow to every monarchical power in Europe. It is the justification of a popular system more overwhelming than years of peace could be, for during peace the monarchy has only to say, "Just wait till they are tried by war." Our triumph is the vindication of John Bright and his friends against the haughty Toryism of Britain, of the people of England against its aristocracy, of liberty and equality against privilege.

But while this is the British political and social interest in our war, her commercial stake is not less. Emerging victorious from this struggle our fleets compose the most formidable navy in the world. The sceptre of the seas drops from the senile grasp of Britain. Whoever may be mistress of the ocean we shall be master, and there will be a formidable marine account unsettled between us.

To see us destroyed in the first flush of our youth has been the hope of the British governing class, the instinct of her nobles and her merchants. The young Hartington, who did not refuse to insult his host and all his host's guests at a ball in this city, announces upon his return home the conviction, sprung from his instinctive desire, that we shall be ruined; while Laird, the ship-builder, speaking for another interest, boasts in Parliament of his disobedience to British laws in order to help on that ruin, while British law-makers eagerly listen and loudly applaud.

To secure the fulfillment of this wish Mr. Blair thinks that England would easily allow herself to be drawn into armed assistance of the rebellion. Such an impression upon the mind of that member of the Cabinet, who is supposed to be most allied with Mr. Seward, added to our own knowledge of the spirit and acts of the British Government, should lead us to the utmost careful preparation and consideration. No American citizen can really wish a war with England; but it is the duty of every one to contemplate the chances; to act moderately and calmly; neither to fear war nor to provoke it; and to bear in mind that neither a wise man nor nation gives way to uncontrollable passion.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

THE publication of this important work, which has been long announced, has at last commenced. The first two numbers are issued, and it will be regularly continued. The great resources of a great publishing house will be lavished upon it. The accuracy, the copiousness, the comprehensiveness of its illustrations, including portraits of all the civil and military leaders, some of which, like that of General Scott, are the very finest specimens of wood-engraving, with the most effective sketches of places and events drawn upon the spot, and elaborate fac-similes of important documents, make it an invaluable pictorial gallery; while the ability, the care, the patient research and laborious collation devoted to the preparation of the text, are the earnest of a complete and satisfactory chronicle.

Of course, a history of the rebellion written simultaneously with the events it records is of the nature of annals, except so far as it investigates the philosophy of the war. Its chief merit must be sought in the fidelity, and clearness, and picturesqueness of its descriptions, and these will be entirely independent of the historian's views of the occult causes of the occurrences he describes. Sallust's "Catiline's Conspiracy" and "Jugurthine War," rather than Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," are the model of such a work. What we demand of the author is a comprehensive knowledge of events and a skillful presentation of them. Any man's judgment of the causes of a contemporary civil war will be colored by his previous predilections. The issue now brought to the decision of the sword in this country is one that has been already fiercely debated. The debate has extended through a generation. Every citizen during that generation has taken his side. He has regarded the question from his political, partisan, social, personal, and moral convictions. Of these he can not divest himself when he comes to discuss the origin of the war. But this discussion, however essential to the completeness of such a work, is necessarily brief, preliminary, and detached. His work properly begins where this discussion ends.

Of the general justice of the preliminary view contained in the first number or Introduction to Harper's History, that the war sprang from the intrinsic aggressive nature of slavery, there can be no doubt whatever. Yet the author seems to us entirely unjust in his estimate of the scope and character of "Abolitionism." It is as impossible to dispose of its significance in our history by calling the abolitionists impracticable fanatics as it was for Sydney Smith to withstand Methodism by calling Methodists ranters. But while we differ upon this point it is all the pleasanter to commend the sincerity, the gravity, the grouping and sequence of events, the copious and exact detail, and the literary elegance, precision, and skill with which the story of the war opens in the second number. We can not well fancy a more welcome monthly visitor to the hundreds of thousands of patriotic firesides in the land than Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WANTED—A fifer and drummer to beat time for the "march of intellect;" a pair of snuffers to trim the "light of other days;" a ring that will fit the "finger of scorn;" a loose pulley to run on the "shaft of envy;" and a new cushion for the "seat of government."

A TALE OF WOE.—I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me; the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said, "Confound you, let me go!"

"Ah!" said a phrenologist, gazing on a fine expanse of forehead, "there's a development! See what Nature has done for him; and yet he won't lend me sixpence."

The following notes actually passed between two celebrated comedians: "Dear W——, send me a shilling. Yours, B——. P.S.—On second thoughts, make it two." To which his friend replied. "Dear B——, I have but one in the world. Yours, W——. P.S.—On second thoughts, I want that for dinner."

The late Earl Dudley is said to have wound up a tribute on the virtue of a deceased friend with these words: "He was a good man—an excellent man; he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

An old angler says that no one by merely conversing with a fish ever succeeded in drawing it out.

As George III. was walking the quarter-deck of one of his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate "who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the admiral?" "Why, it's the King." "Well, King, or no King," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog." "Lord, where should he learn manners?" replied Jack; "he was never outside of land in his life."

"My lord," said a profligate to the famous Robert, Earl of Oxford, "you and I have been in all the jails in the kingdom." "What do you mean by that, you rascal?" asked the Earl. "Your lordship has been in the Tower, and I have been in every other."

A periodical was started not long ago, the first number of which contained a letter from a correspondent who signed himself "A Constant Reader."

A gentleman who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looking at his watch just after midnight, said, "It is to-morrow morning—I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."

An individual was arrested the other day while endeavoring to pick a gentleman's pocket. He said he wasn't used to the business, and was just trying to "get his hand in."

"Your horse seems to make up faces at having that thing put in his mouth," said a youngster who saw Foote put his bridle on his horse after feeding him. "Oh no," said Foote, "he don't mind it a *bit*."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THERE is nothing new from General Hooker's army. Some general orders have been issued relative to the disposition of regiments whose term of enlistment is about to expire.

FIGHTING AT SUFFOLK.

Our troops at Suffolk have had a brisk time of it of late. The enemy have been pressing them closely, and an attack upon our lines has been looked for, from hour to hour, for some days past. On 18th we made a demonstration which had a successful issue. General Peck telegraphs to Washington that "General Getty, in conjunction with the gun-boats, under Lieutenant Lamson, has just stormed the heavy battery at the West Branch, and captured six guns and two hundred of the Forty-fourth Alabama regiment. They crossed in boats. The Eighty-ninth New York and the Eighth Connecticut were the storming party."

GENERAL FOSTER AT NEWBERN.

General Foster has succeeded in passing the rebel blockade in the steamer *Escort*, with the loss of the pilot killed and several wounded. The *Escort* was riddled by at least forty shots. General Foster was joyfully received at Newbern. His force in Washington, North Carolina, is still there.

THE SIEGE OF WASHINGTON RAISED.

The enemy have retreated from their position around the town of Washington, after a siege of three weeks. Their batteries on Tar River have been abandoned. General Foster left Newbern on the 18th for Washington, North Carolina, with a brigade from Hilton Head, to relieve his army, but it is not probable that he will require this reinforcement except to pursue the enemy.

MOVEMENTS AT VICKSBURG.

A dispatch from Jackson, Mississippi, to Richmond states that our forces have moved from Lake Providence to Vicksburg and Grenada. The dispatch states that "a heavy movement" commenced on Thursday, and that a large fire was observed on that night above Vicksburg, which was thought to proceed from the burning of the Union transports. It is admitted, however, by the same authority, that our forces were in possession of New Carthage, below Warrenton.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

On 16th seven gun-boats and three transports of Admiral Porter's fleet ran by the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, and got safely down between that place and Port Hudson to assist General Banks. With the single exception of the loss of one transport—which caught fire and was destroyed—the fleet passed gallantly through the fire of the batteries, which lasted for over three hours, as the vessels were running down. On reaching Warrenton Admiral Porter bombarded that village, with what effect is not known.

GENERAL BANKS AT WORK.

The campaign in Louisiana has been gloriously opened by General Banks. The rebel forces of General Sibley have been completely hemmed in by the armies of Generals Grover, Emory, and Weitzel. General Sibley was abandoning his position near Brashear City, leaving his guns and ammunition behind him. The fine ram *Queen of the West* was retaken in Grand Lake by our troops, and her captain and crew are now prisoners in Berwick Bay. The capture of the steamer *Diana*, lately seized by the rebels, was also almost insured, the United States steamer *Clifton* having removed the obstructions in the river and closing rapidly upon her.

A FIGHT IN ARKANSAS.

The rebels made a determined attack on Fayetteville, Arkansas, on 18th, with a force of three thousand men, but they were gallantly repulsed by our troops, who only numbered two thousand in all, and many of them were unarmed. The fight lasted four hours, and although our men were mostly Arkansas recruits, and the enemy had four pieces of artilery, the latter were driven back toward Ozark in disorder. They were commanded by General Cobell. Our forces were in charge of Colonel Harrison.

THE FOOD QUESTION SOUTH.

Jefferson Davis has issued an address to the people of the Southern Confederacy, urging them to devote their agricultural labor to the production of food. He says that although the soldiers are on half rations of meat there is plenty of it in the Confederacy, but that a difficulty exists in its transportation, which is now about to be remedied.

THE SHOOTING OF COLONEL KIMBALL.

The papers publish a letter from General Corcoran relative to his shooting Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball. The General gives a full statement of the occurrence, and alleges that Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball was not on duty at the time, and was not justified in violently attempting to arrest the progress of his commanding officer, who was in the performance of his duty, in visiting the outposts. General Corcoran, while regretting the disaster, states that the attack made upon him rendered the action which he took an imperative necessity.

WAR MEETING.

The anniversary of the great uprising day of 1861 was commemorated on 20th in an appropriate manner by a great Loyal League mass meeting at Madison Square, over which Lieutenant-General Scott presided. It was the greatest display witnessed in this city since the memorable 20th of April two years ago.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REBEL LOAN.

THE rebel cotton loan sustained a very heavy collapse in England on the 2d inst., in consequence of the suspension of J. B. Spence, of Liverpool. It was thought that Mr. Spence was the financial agent of Jeff Davis, and the loan was consequently quoted at from one and a half to two and a half discount.

THE ANGLO-REBEL FLEET.

On the 5th of April one of the customs' surveyors at Liverpool seized the *Alexandra*, a small gun-boat recently launched from the yard of Messrs. Miller & Co. The officer acted on the instructions received by Mr. Pierce Edwards, Collector of Customs, from the Government, who had reason to believe that the *Alexandra* was being fitted for the service of the Confederates.

A vessel called the *Japan* or *Virginia*, supposed to be destined for the rebel service, had got out from the port of Greenock, Scotland. The Government had ordered her detention; but she baffled the vigilance of the officials.

POLAND.

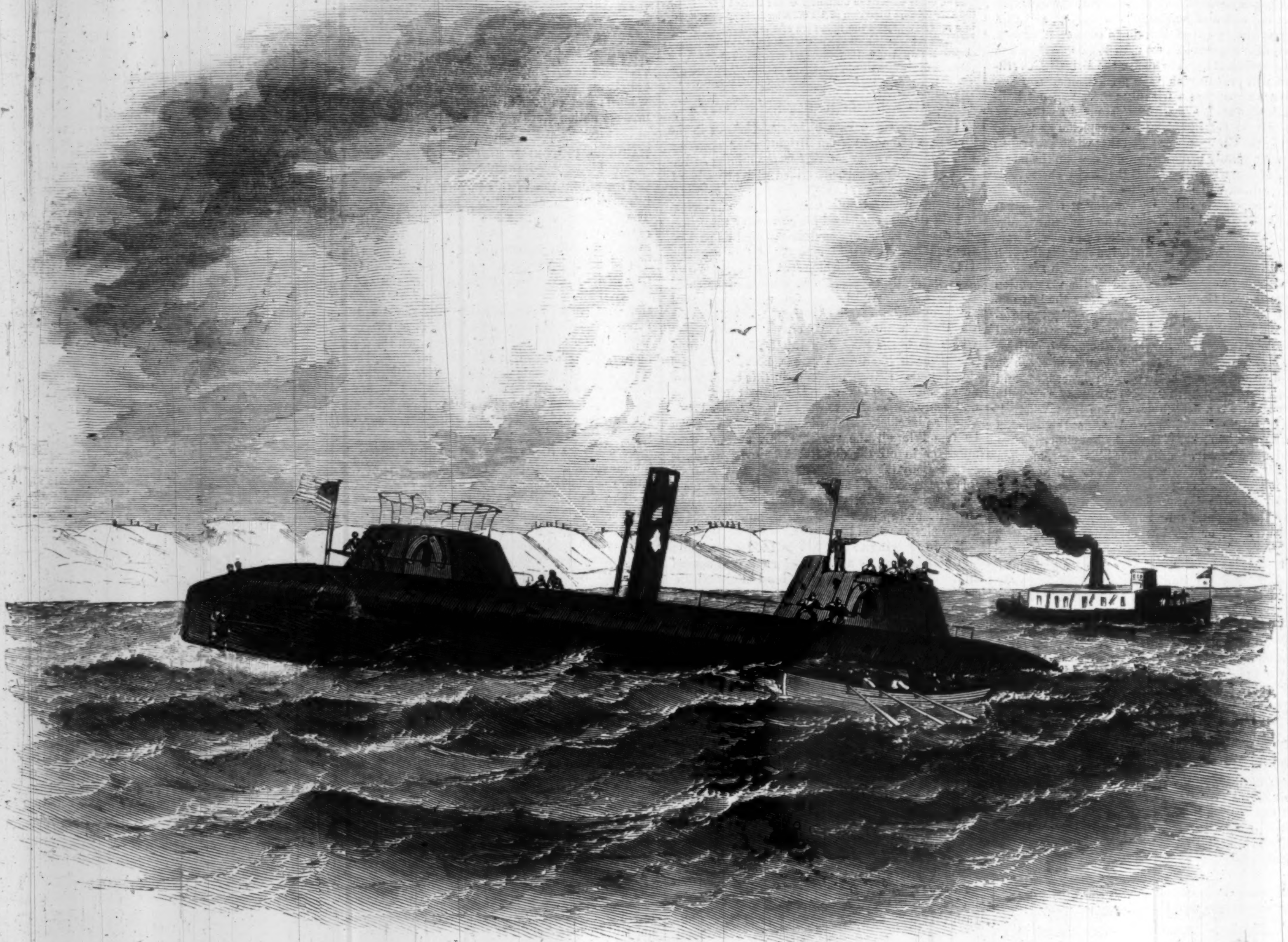
THE REBELLION.

The revolution in Poland is gaining fresh spirit, and extending. Langiewicz has been conveyed from Cracow to Moravia. In Swato and other districts the nobility, middle classes, and peasants have risen *en masse* against Russia. The insurgents have addressed a manifesto to the people, which occupies seven columns of the London journals. A Circassian chief landed in Courland with a well-appointed force to aid the revolutionists. The Government of Sweden embargoed a British steamer at Malmo for having a detachment of Poles on board from England. It is said that the Czar of Russia will grant an autonomy to Poland, but will not sanction a national Polish army.

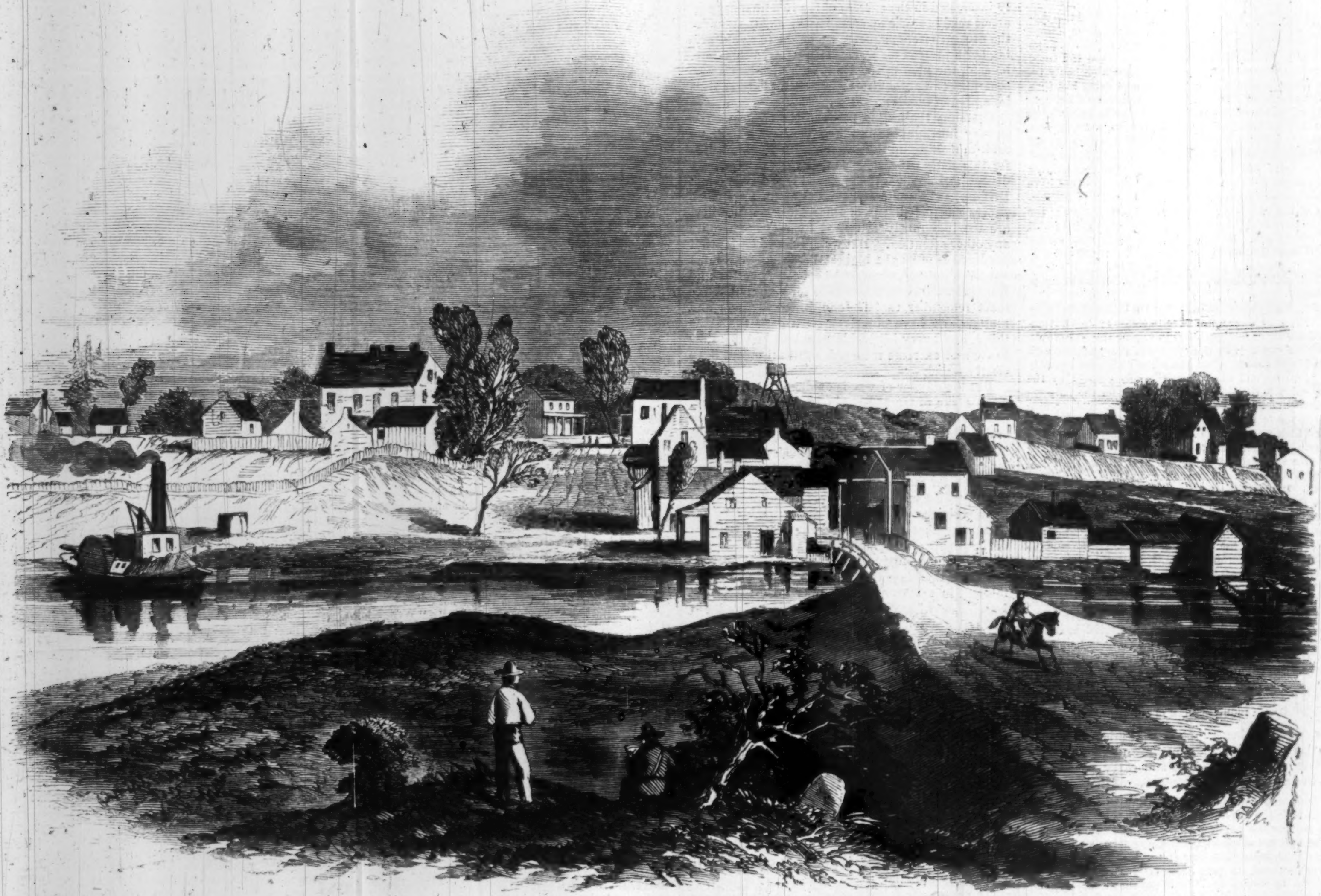
MEXICO

DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.

We have news of a defeat of the French army at Puebla, after a desperate contest with the enemy, under General Ortega. The attack was made on the 27th ult. The previous news was up to the 1st inst., to the effect that the French then held the outer works at Puebla, but it does not follow from this that they were not severely repulsed on the 27th of March, as General Ortega states.



THE IRON-CLAD "KEOKUK" SINKING ON THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 279.]



SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

THE PRESIDENT, GENERAL HOOKER, AND THEIR STAFFS AT A REVIEW IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—From a Sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 282.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER V.

MRS. DODD knew her man (ladies are very apt to fathom their male acquaintance—too apt, *I* think); and, to pin him to the only medical theme which interested her, seized the opportunity while he was in actual contact with Julia's wrist, and rapidly enumerated her symptoms, and also told him what Mr. Osmond had said about Hyperœsthesia.

"GOOSE GREECE!" barked Sampson, loud, clear, and sharp as an irritated watch-dog; but this one bow-wow vented, he was silent as abruptly.

Mrs. Dodd smiled, and proceeded to Hyperœmia, and thence to the Antiphlogistic Regimen.

At that unhappy adjective, Sampson jumped up, cast away his patient's hand, forgot her existence—she was but a charming individual—and galloped into his native region, Generalities.

"Antiphlogistic! Mai—dear—mad'm, that one long fragmint of ass's jaw has slain a million. Adapted to the weakness of human nature, which receives with rivirince ideas, however childish, that come draped in long-tailed and exotic words, that aasinine polysyllable has riconciled the modern mind to the chimeras of th' ancients, and outbutchered the guillotine, the musket, and the sword: ay, and but for me

Had barred the door
For cinturies more,

on the great coming sceince, the sceince of healing diseases instead of defining, and dividing 'em, and lengthening their names and their durashin, and shortening nothing but the pashint. Th' antiphlogistic Therey is this: That Disease is fiery, and that any artificial exhaustion of vital force must cool the system, and reduce the morbid fire, called, in their donkey Latin, 'flamma,' and in their compound donkey Latin, 'inflammation,' and, in their Goose Greece, 'phlogosis,' 'phlegmon,' etc. And accordingly th' antiphlogistic Practice is, to cool the sick man by bleeding him, and, when blid, either to rebleed him with a change of instrument, bites and stabs instid of gashes, or else to rake the blid, and then blister the blid and raked, and then push mercury till the teeth of the blid, raked, and blistered, shake in their sockets, and to starve the blid, purged, salivated, blistered wretch from first to last. This is the Antiphlogistic system. It is seldom carried out entire, because the pashint at the first or second link in their rimedial chain, expires; or else gives such plain signs of sinking, that even these ass-ass-ins take fright, and try t' undo their own work, not disease's, by tonics an' turtle, and stimulants; which things given at the right time instid of the wrong, given when the pashint was merely weakened by his disorder, and not enfeebled by their didly rimedies, would have cut th' ailment down in a few hours."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Dodd; "and now, my good friend, with respect to my daughter—"

"N' list *me!*" clashed Sampson; "ye're goen to fathom th' antiphlogistics, since they still survive an', slay in holes and corners like Barkton an' d'Itly; I've driven the vamperes out o' the cintres o' civilisation. Begin with their coolers! Exhaustion is not a cooler, it is a feverer, and they know . . the way parrots know sentences. Why are we all more or less feverish at night? because we are weaker. Starvation is no cooler, it is an inflamer, and they know it, as parrots know truths, but can't apply them: for they know that burning fever rages in every town, street, camp, where Famine is. As for blood-letting, their prime cooler, it is inflammatory; and they know it (parrot-wise), for the thumping heart, and bounding pulse, of pashints blid by butchers in black, and bullocks blid by butchers in blue, prove it; and they have recorded this in all their books: yet stabbed, and bit, and starved, and mercuried, and murdered, on. But mind ye, all their sham coolers are real weakeners (I wonder they didn't inventory Satin and his brimstin lake among their refrijrators), and this is the point whence t' appreciate their imbecility, and the sairvice I have rendered mankind in been the first t' attack their banded school, at a time it seemed imprignable."

"Ah, this promises to be very interesting," sighed Mrs. Dodd; "and before you enter on so large a field, perhaps it would be as well to dispose of a little matter which lies at my heart. Here is my poor daughter—"

"NLISSMEE! A human Bean is in a constant state of flux and reflux; his component particles move, change, disappear, and are renewed; his life is a round of exhaustion and repair. Of this repair, the brain is the sovereign ajint by night and day, and the blood the great living material; and digestible food th' indispensible supply. And this balance of exhaustion and repair is too nice to tamper with; disn't a single sleepless night, or dinnerless day, write some pallor on the face, and tell against the buddy? So does a single excessive perspiration, a trifling diary, or a cut finger, though it takes but half an ounce of blood out of the system. And what is the cause of that rare ivint—it occurs only to pashints that can't afford docking—Dith from old age? Think ye the man really succumms under years, or is mowed down by Time? Nay, yon's just Potry an Bosh. Nashins have been thinned by the lancet, but niver by the scythe; and years are not forces, but misures of evints. No, Centenarius decays and dies, bekase his bodil' expinditure goes on; and his bodil' income lessens by failure of the reparative and reproductive forces. And now suppose bodil' exhaustion and repair were a mere matter of pecuniary, instid of vital, economy; what would you say to the steward, or housekeeper, who, to balance your accounts and keep you solvint, should open every known channel of expinse with one hand, and with the other—stop the supplies? Yet this is how the Dockers for thirty cinturies have burned th' human candle at both ends, yet wondered the light of life expired under their hands."

"It seems irrational. Then in my daughter's case you would—"

"Looksee! A pashint falls sick. What haps directly? Why the balance is troubled, and exhaustion exceeds repair. For proof, obsairve the buddy when Disease is fresh!

And you will always find a loss of flesh.

To put it economikly, and then you must understand it, been a housekeeper—

Whativer the Disease, its form, or essence,
Expinditure goes on, and income lessens.

To this sick and therefore weak man, enter a Docker purblind with cinturies of Cant, Pricidint, Blood, and Goose Greece; imagines him a fiery pervalid, though the common sense of mankind, through its interpreter common language, pronounces him, what he is and looks, an 'invalid,' gashes him with a lancet, spills out the great liquid material of all repair by the gallon, and fells this weak man, wounded now, and pale, and fainting, with Dith stamped on his face, to th' earth, like a bayoneted soldier or a slaughtered ox. If the weak man, wounded thus and weakened, survives, then the chartered Thugs who have drained him by the bung-hole, turn to and drain him by the spigot; they rake him, and then blister him, and then calomel him: and lest Nature should have the ghost of a chance to counter-balance these frightful outgoings, they keep strong meat and drink out of his system emptied by their stabs, bites, purges, mercury, and blisters; damdijjits! And that, Asia excipted, was profissional Midicine from Hippocrates to Sampsin; Antiphlogistic is but a modern name for an ass-ass-inating routine which has niver varied a hair since scholastic midicine, the silliest and didliest of all the hundred forms of Quackery, first rose—unlike Sceince, Art, Religion, and all true Suns—in the West; to wound the sick; to weaken the weak; and mutilate the hurt; and—THIN MANKIND!"

The voluble impugner of his own profession delivered these last two words in thunder so sudden and effective as to strike Julia's work out of her hands. But here, as in Nature, a moment's pause followed the thunder-clap; so Mrs. Dodd, who had long been patiently watching her opportunity, smothered a shriek, and edged in a word: "This is irresistible; you have confuted every body; to their hearts' content: and now the question is, what course shall we substitute?" She meant, "in the great case, which occupies me." But Sampson attached a nobler, wider, sense to her query.

"What course? Why the great Chronothairmal practice, based on the remittent and febrile character of all disease; above all, on

The law of Perriodicity, a law
Whence Midicine yet has wells of light to draw.

By Remittency, I mean th' ebb of Disease, by Perriodicity, th' ebb and also the flow, the paroxysm and the remission. These remit and recur, and keep time like the tides, not in ague and remittent fever only, as the Profission imagines to this day, but in all diseases from a Scirrhus in the Pylorus t' a toothache. And I discovered this, and the new paths to cure of all diseases it opens. Alone I did it: and what my reward? hooted, insulted, belied, and called a quack, by the banded school of profissional assassins, who, in their day hooted Harvey and Jinner, authors too of great discoveries, but discoveries narrow in their consequences compared with mine. T' appreciate Chronothairmalism, ye must begin at the beginning; so just answer me—What is Man?"

At this huge inquiry whirring up all in a moment, like a cock pheasant in a wood, Mrs. Dodd sank back in her chair despondent. Seeing her hors de combat, Sampson turned to Julia and demanded, twice as loud, "WHAT IS MAN?" Julia opened two violet eyes at him, and then looked at her mother for a hint how to proceed.

"How can that child answer such a question?" sighed Mrs. Dodd. "Let us return to the point."

"I have never strayed an inch from it. It's about Young Physic."

"No, excuse me, it is about a young lady. Universal Medicine! what have I to do with that?"

"Now this is the way with them all," cried Sampson, furious; "there lowed John Bull. The men and women of this benighted nashin have an ear for any thing; provided it matters nothing: Talk Jology, Conchology, Entomology, Theology, Meteorology, Astronomy, Deuteronomy, Botheronomy, or Boshology, and one is listened to with riverence, because these are all far-off things in fogs; but at a word about the great, near, useful art of Healing, y' all stop your ears; for why; your life and dailianourly happiness depend on it. But 'no,' sis John Bull, the knowledge of our own buddies, and how to save our own Bakin, Beef I mean, day by day from disease and chartered ass-ass-ins, all that may interest the thinkers in Saturn, but what the deevil is it t' *us?* talk t' *us* of the hiv'nly buddies, not of our own. Babble o' comets an' meteors an' Etherial nibulæ (never mind the nibulæ in our own skulls). Discourse t' us of Predistinashin, Spitzbairgen sea-weed, the last novel, the siventh vile; of Chrischinising the Patagonians on condition they are not to come here, and Chrischinise the Whitechapelians; of the letter to the *Times* from the tinker wrecked at Timbuetoo; and the dear Professor's lecture on the probabeelity of snail-shells in the backyard of the moon! but don't ask us to know ourselves!—Ijjits!!"

The eloquent speaker, depressed by the perversity of Englishmen in giving their minds to every part of creation but their bodies, suffered a momentary loss of energy; then Mrs. Dodd, who had long been watching lynx-like, glided in. "Let us compound. You are for curing all the world, beginning with Nobody. My ambition is to cure my girl, and leave mankind in peace. Now if you will begin with my child, I will submit to rectify the universe in its proper turn. Any time will do to set the human race right; you own it is in no hurry: but my child's case presses; so do pray cure her for me."

"Mai—dear—mad'm; cure her! How on airth am I to do that?"

"At least tell me what her Indisposition is."

"Oh! What, didn't I tell you? Well, there's nothing the matter with her."

At receiving this cavalier reply for the reward of all her patience, Mrs. Dodd was so hurt, and so nearly angry, that she rose with dignity from her seat, with her cheek actually pink, and the water in her eyes. Sampson saw she was ruffled, and appealed to Julia of all people. "There now, Miss Julee," said he, ruefully; "she is in a rage because I won't humbug her. Poplus voolt decipee. I tell you, ma'am, it is not a midical case; give me disease and I'll cure 't. Stop, I'll tell ye what do; let her take and swallow the Barkton Docks' prescriptions, and Butcher Best's, and canting Kinyon's, and after those four tinkers there'll be plenty holes to mend; then send for me!"

Here was irony. Mrs. Dodd retorted by finesse; she turned on him with a sugared smile, and said: "Never mind doctors and patients; it is so long since we met; I do hope you will waive ceremony, and dine with me en ami."

He accepted with pleasure; but must return to his inn first and get rid of his dirty boots, and pashints. And with this he whipped out his watch, and saw that, dealing with universal medicine, he had disappointed more than one sick individual; so shot out as hard as he had shot in, and left the ladies looking at one another after the phenomenon.

"Well!" said Julia, with a world of meaning.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Dodd, "he *is* a little eccentric. I think I will request them to make some addition to the dinner."

"No, mamma, if you please, not to put me off so transparently; tell me first the reason you did not ring the bell, and bid the servant conduct that man to the door, very, very early in the conference? If I had interrupted, and shouted, and behaved so, you would have packed me off to bed, or somewhere, directly."

"Don't say 'packed,' love. Dismissed me to bed."

"Ah!" cried Julia, "you are yourself again: that privileged person is gone, and we must all mind our P's and Q's once more. This is more than natural. You would not lay down your character for a single person, to take it up again the moment he was gone—without a reason. Here is some mystery." Then she clasped her hands, and raised them to Heaven, just like the best statues; "my own mother has a secret; a secret from her Julia. Well, I deserve it." This acknowledgment slipped out through speaking too fast, and was no sooner uttered than this statuesque Hebe hung her head most prosaically, and looked as if she could bite her tongue off."

Mrs. Dodd, with an air of nonchalance, replied to the effect that Dr. Sampson was not her offspring; and so she was not bound to correct his eccentricities. "And I suppose," said she, lazily, "we must accept these extraordinary people as we find them; and it is time to dress for dinner."

That day her hospitable board was spread over a trap. Blessed with an oracle irrelevantly fluent, and dumb to the point, she had asked him to dinner with maternal address. He could not be on his guard eternally; sooner or later, through inadvertence, or in a moment of convivial recklessness, or in a parenthesis of some grand Generality, he would cure her child; or, perhaps, at his rate of talking, would wear out all his idle themes, down to the very "well-being of mankind;" and then Julia's mysterious indisposition would come on the blank tapis. With these secret hopes she presided at the feast, all grace and gentle amity. Julia, too, sat down with a little design, but a very different one, viz. of being very chilly company, for she disliked this new acquaintance cordially, and hated the science of medicine.

The unconscious Object chatted away with both, and cut their replies very short, and did strange things; sent away Julia's chicken, regardless of her scorn, and prescribed mutton: called for Champagne and made her drink it, and pout; and thus excited Mrs. Dodd's hopes that he was attending to the case by degrees.

But, after dinner, Julia, to escape medicine universal, and particular, turned to her mother, and dilated on the treachery of her literary guide, the Criticaster. "It said 'Odds and Ends' was a good novel to read by the sea-side. So I thought 'then oh, how different it must be from most books, if you can sit by the glorious sea and even look at it.' So I sent for it directly, and, would you believe, it was an ignoble thing; all flirtation and curates. The sea, indeed! A pond would be fitter to read it by; and one with a good many geese on."

"Was ever such simplicity?" said Mrs. Dodd.

"BUT I THOUGHT I'D JUST ASK YE."

"Why, my dear, that phrase about the sea does not *mean* any thing. I shall have you believing that Mr. So-and-So, a novelist, can '*wither fashionable folly*,' and that '*a painful incident*' to one shopkeeper has '*thrown a gloom*' over a whole market-town, and so on. Nowadays every third phrase is of this character; a starling's note. Once, it appears, there was an age of gold, and then came one of iron, and then of brass. All these are gone, and the age of 'jargon' has succeeded."

She sighed, and Sampson took a "tremendous header" off the sea-side novel into the sea of fiction. He rechristened that joyous art Feckshin, and lashed its living professors. "You devour their three volumes greedily," said he, "but after your meal you feel as empty as a drrum; there is no leading idea in 'um; now, there always is in Molière: and *he* comprehended the midicine of his age. But what fundamental truth d'our novelists iver convey? All they can do is pile incidents. Their customers dictate th' article: unideaed melodrams for unideaed girls. The writers and their feckshins belong to one species, and that's 'the non-vertebrated animals;' and their midicine is Bosh; why they bleed still for falls and fevers; and niver mention vital chronometry. Then they don't look straight at Nature, but see with their ears, and repeat one another twelve deep. Now, listen me! there are the cracters for an 'ideaed feckshin' in Barkington, and I'd write it, too, only I haven't time, ye know."

At this, Julia, forgetting her resolution, broke out, "Romantic characters in Barkington? Who? who?"

"Who *should* they be, but my pashints? Ay, ye may lauch, Miss Julee, but wait till ye see them." He was then seized with a fit of candor, and admitted that some, even of his pashints, were colorless; indeed, not to mince the matter, six or seven of that sacred band were nullity in person. "I can compare the beggars to nothing," said he, "but the globules of the Do-Nothings; dee——d insipid, and nothing in 'em. But the others make up. Man alive, I've got 'a rosy cheeked miser,' and an 'ill-used attorney,' and an 'honest Screw,' he is a gardener, with a hid like a cart-horse."

"Mamma! mamma! that is Mr. Maxley," cried Julia, clapping her hands, and thawing in her own despite.

"Then there's my virgin martyr, and my puppy; they are brother and sister; and there's their father, but he is an impenetrable dog—won't unbosom. Howiver, he sairves to draw chicks for the other two, and so keep 'em goen. By-the-by, you know my puppy."

"We have not that honor. Do we know Dr. Sampson's puppy, love?" inquired Mrs. Dodd, rather languidly.

"Mamma!—I—I—know no one of that name."

"Don't tell me! Why it was he sent me here: told me where you lived, and I was to make haste, for Miss Dodd was very ill: it is young Hardie, the banker's son, you know."

Mrs. Dodd said, good-humoredly, but with a very slight touch of irony, that really they were very much flattered by the interest Mr. Alfred Hardie had shown; especially as her daughter had never exchanged ten words with him. Julia colored at this statement, the accuracy of which she had good reason to doubt; and the poor girl felt as if an icicle passed swiftly along her back. And then, for the first time in her life, she thought her mother hardly gracious; and she wanted to say *she* was obliged to Mr. Alfred Hardie, but dared not, and despised herself for not daring. Her composure was further attacked by Mrs. Dodd looking full at her, and saying, interrogatively, "I wonder how that young gentleman could know about your being ill?"

At this Julia eyed her plate very attentively, and murmured, "I believe it is all over the town: and seriously too, so Mrs. Maxley says; for she tells me that, in Barkington, if more than one doctor is sent for, that bodes ill for the patient."

"Deevelich ill," cried Sampson, heartily:

"For two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Conduck him faster to the Styjjin shores."*

Julia looked him in the face, and coldly ignored this perversion of Mrs. Maxley's meaning; and Mrs. Dodd returned pertinaciously to the previous topic. "Mr. Alfred Hardie interests me: he was good to Edward. I am curious to know why you call him a puppy?"

"Only because he is one, ma'am. And that is no reason at all with 'the Six.' He is a juveneel pidant, and a puppy, and contradicts ivery new truth, bekase it isn't in Aristotle and th' Eton grammar; and he's such a chatter-box, ye can't get in a word idgeways; and he and his sister—that's my virgin martyr—are a farce. *He* keeps sneerin' at her relijjin, and that puts *her* in such a rage, she thritens 't' intercede for him at the Throne.'"

"Jargon," sighed Mrs. Dodd, and just shrugged her lovely shoulders. "We breathe it—we float in an atmosphere of it. My love?" And she floated out of the room, and Julia floated after.

"You look flushed, love," was Mrs. Dodd's first word in the drawing-room. "Lie on the sofa a minute, and compose yourself."

Sampson made grog and sipped it, meditating on the gullibility of man in matters medical. This favorite speculation detained him late, and almost his first word on entering the drawing-room was, "Good-night, little girl."

Julia colored at this broad hint, drew herself up, and lighted a bed-candle. She went to Mrs. Dodd, kissed her, and whispered in her ear, "I hate him!" and, as she retired, her whole elegant person launched lady-like defiance; under which brave exterior no little uneasiness was hidden. "O, what will become of me!" thought she, "if *he* has gone and told him about Henley."

* Garth.

"Let's see the prescriptions, ma'am," said Dr. Sampson.

Delighted at this concession, Mrs. Dodd took them out of her desk and spread them earnestly. He ran his eye over them, and pointed out that the mucous membrane man and the nerve man had prescribed the same medicine, on irreconcilable grounds; and a medicine, moreover, whose effect on the nerves was nil, and on the mucous membrane was not to soothe it, but plow it and harrow it; "and did not that open her eyes?" He then reminded her that all these doctors in consultation would have contrived to agree. "But you," said he, "have baffled the collusive swindle by which Dox arrived at a sham uniformity—honest uniformity can never exist till scientific principles obtain." Then, with a sudden start, he compared her to Daniel. He was very fond of comparisons. "Danle," said he, "questioned those two elderly blaggrds apart, and thin they couldn't agree in a lie, ye know, all for want of a 'consultashin.' So says you, 'Well done, Danle, my lad.'"

"My dear friend, I am not so familiar—with giants—as you do me the honor to imagine."

"Whist! Whist! and you said, 'I'll do a bit o' Danle.'"

"Oh, quelle horreur!" cried Mrs. Dodd, in unfeigned disgust.

"Listme! All four, been Danled, told y' a different lie; and disn't that open youn eyes? Sceince, indeed! Put an easy question t' any real sceince; will it sing ye four songs as wide apart as the four winds of Hiven? Take a pashint and his case to four lawyers, the most abused of all Sceince's sons; will they fling him four impident guesses a thousand miles wide of each other; and ten thousand from the truth?"

Mrs. Dodd seemed dazzled by this observation, and bowed her head in reluctant assent.

"Ye begin to see through 'em? Now then, post nubila Phœbus: that is not donkey Latin, ma'am, but the real article, and means, 'After four muddlehids see one Sampsin work.' To begin, is the pashint in love?"

The doctor put this query in just the same tone in which they inquire, "any expectoration?" But Mrs. Dodd, in reply, was less dry and business-like. She started and looked aghast. This possibility had once, for a moment, occurred to her, but only to be rejected, the evidence being all against it.

"In love?" said she. "That child, and I not know it!"

He said he had never supposed that. "But I thought I'd just ask ye; because she has no bodily ailment, and the paassions are all counterfeit diseases; they are connected, like all diseases, with cerebral instability, have their heats and chills, like all diseases, and their paroxysms and remissions, like all diseases. Nlistme! You have detected the sighs of a slight cerebral instability; I have ascertained th' absence of all physical cause: then why make this healthy pashint's buddy a test-tube for poisons? Sovereign drugs (I deal with no other, I leave the nullities to the noodles) are either counterpoisons, or poisons, and here there is nothing to counterpoison at prisent. So I'm for caushin, and working on the safe side th' hidge, and that's the mintal; till we are less in the dark. Mind ye, young women at her age are kittle cattle; they have gusts o' this, and gusts o' that, th' unreasonable imps. D'ye see these two pieces pasteboard? They are tickets for a ball,

In Barkton town-hall."

"Yes, of course I see them," said Mrs. Dodd, dolefully.

"Well, I prescribe 'em. And when they have been taken,

And the pashint well shaken,

perhaps we shall see whether we are on the right system: and if so, we'll dose her with youthful soceity in a more irrashinal forrm; conversaziones, cookeyshines, et citera. And if we find ourselves on the wrong *tack*, why then we'll hark *back*.

Stick blindly to 'a course,' the dockers cry.
But it does me harm! *Then* 'twill do good *by-an-by*.
Where lairned ye that, Echoes of Echoes, say!
The killer plows 'a course,' the healer 'FEELS HIS WAY.'"

So mysterious are the operations of the human mind, that, when we have exploded in verse meritorious as the above, we lapse into triumph instead of penitence. Not that doggrel meets with reverence here below—the statues to it are few, and not in marble, but in the material itself—but then an impromptu! A moment ago, our Posy was not: and now is. With the speed, if not the brilliancy, of lightning, we have added a handful to the intellectual dust-heap of an oppressed nation. From this bad eminence Sampson then looked down complacently, and saw Mrs. Dodd's face as long as his arm. She was one that held current opinions; and the world does not believe Poetry can sing the Practical; verse and useful knowledge pass for incompatibles; and though Doggrel is not Poetry, yet it has a lumbering proclivity that way, and so forfeits the confidence of grave, sensible people. This versification, and this impalpable and unprecedented prescription she had waited for so long, seemed all of a piece to poor mamma; wild, unpractical, and—oh, horror!—eccentric.

Sampson read her sorrowful face after his fashion. "Oh, I see, ma'am," cried he. "Cure is not welcome unless it comes in the form consecrated by cinturies of slaughter. Well, then, give me a sheet!" He took the paper and rent it asunder, and wrote this on the larger fragment:

℞. Die Mercur. circa x. hor: vespert:
eat in musca ad Prœtorium.
Saltet cum xiii canicul:
prœsertim meo. Dom: reddita,
6 hora matutin: dormiat ad prand·
Repetat stultit: pro re nata.

He handed this with a sort of spiteful twinkle to Mrs. Dodd, and her countenance lightened again. Her sex will generally compound with whoever can give as well as take. Now she had extracted a real, grave, prescription, she acquiesced in the ball, though not a county one; "to satisfy your whim, my good kind friend, to whom I owe so much."

Sampson called on his way back to town, and, in course of conversation, praised Nature for her beautiful instincts, one of which, he said, had inspired Miss Julee, at a credulous age, not to swallow "the didly drastics o' the tinkerin dox."

Mrs. Dodd smiled, and requested permission to contradict him; her daughter had taken the several prescriptions.

Sampson inquired brusquely if she took him for a fool.

She replied calmly: "No; for a very clever, but rather opinionated personage."

"Opininated? So is ivery man who has grounds for his opinin. D'ye think, because Dockers Short, an' Bist, an' Kinyon, an' Cuckoo, an' Jackdaw, an' Starling, an' Co., don't know the dire effecks of calomel an' drastics on the buddy, I don't know't? Her eye, her tongue, her skin, her voice, her elastic walk, all tell *me* she has not been robbed of her vital resources. Why, if she had taken that genteel old thief Short's rimidies alone, the girl's gums would be sore,

And herself at Dith's door."

Mrs. Dodd was amused. "Julia, this is so like the gentlemen; they are in love with Argument. They go on till they reason themselves out of their Reason. Why beat about the bush; when there she sits?"

"What, go t' a wumman for the truth, when I can go t' infallible Inference?"

"You may always go to my David's daughter for the truth," said Mrs. Dodd, with dignity. She then looked the inquiry; and Julia replied to her look as follows: first, she colored very high; then, she hid her face in both her hands; then, rose and turning her neck swiftly, darted a glance of fiery indignation and bitter reproach on Dr. Meddlesome, and left the apartment mighty stag-like.

"Maircy on us!" cried Sampson. "Did ye see that, ma'am? Yon's just a bonny basilisk. Another such thunder-bolt as she dispinsed, and ye'll be ringing for the maid to sweep up the good physician's ashes."

Julia did not return till the good physician was gone back to London. Then she came in with a rush, and, demonstrative toad, embraced Mrs. Dodd's knees, and owned she had cultivated her geraniums with all those medicines, liquid and solid; and only one geranium had died of them.

There is a fascinating age, when an intelligent virgin is said to fluctuate between childhood and womanhood. Let me add that these seeming fluctuations depend much on the company she is in; the budding virgin is princess of chameleons: and, to confine ourselves to her two most piquant contrasts, by her mother's side she is always more or less childlike: but, let a nice young fellow engage her apart, and, hey presto! she shall be every inch a woman; perhaps at no period of her life are the purely mental characteristics of her sex so supreme in her: so her type, the rose-bud, excels in essence of rosehood the rose itself.

My reader has seen Julia Dodd play both parts; but it is her child's face she has now been turning for several pages; so it may be prudent to remind him she has shone on Alfred Hardie in but one light; a young, but Juno-like, woman. Had she shown "my puppy" her childish qualities, he would have despised her; he had left that department himself so recently. But Nature guarded the budding fair from such a disaster.

We left Alfred Hardie standing in the moonlight gazing at her lodging. Sudden! But, let slow coaches deny it as loudly as they like, fast coaches exist; and Love is a passion, which like Hate, Envy, Avarice, etc., has risen to a great height in a single day. Not that Alfred's was "Love at first sight," for he had seen her beauty in the full blaze of day with no deeper feeling than admiration; but in the moonlight he came under more sovereign spells than a fair face: among these were her virtues and her voice. The narrative of their meeting has indicated the first, and, as to the latter, Julia was not one of those whose beauty goes out with a candle. Her voice was that rich, mellow, moving organ, which belongs to no rank nor station; is born, not made, and, flow it from the lips of dairymaid or countess, touches every heart, gentle or simple, that is truly male. And this divine contralto, full, yet penetrating, Dame Nature had inspired her to lower when she was moved or excited, instead of raising it; and then she was enchanting. All unconsciously she cast this crowning spell on Alfred, and he adored her. In a word, he caught a child-woman away from its mother; his fluttering captive turned, put on composure, and bewitched him.

She left him, and the moonlight night seemed to blacken. But within his young breast all was light, new light. He leaned opposite her window in an Elysian reverie, and let the hours go by. He seemed to have vegetated till then, and lo! true life had dawned. He thought he should love to die for her. And, when he was calmer, he felt he was to live for her, and welcomed his destiny with rapture. He passed the rest of the Oxford term in a soft ecstasy; called often on Edward, and took a sudden and prodigious interest in him; and counted the days glide by and the happy time draw near, when he should be four months in the same town with his enchantress. This one did not trouble the doctors; he glowed with a steady fire; no heats and chills, and sad misgivings; for one thing he was not a woman, a being tied to that stake, Suspense, and compelled to wait, and wait, for others' actions. As the inveterate Sampson would say:

He had the luck to be a male,
So, like a rat without a tail,
Could do, could do, could do.

Meantime, life's path seemed paved with roses, and himself to march it in eternal sunshine, buoyed by perfumed wings.

He came to Barkington to try for the lovely prize. Then first he had to come down from love's sky, and realize how hard it is here below to court a young lady—who is guarded by a mother—without an introduction in the usual form. The obvious course was to call on Edward. Having parted from him so lately he forced himself to wait a few days, and then set out for Albion Villa.

As he went along, he arranged the coming dialogue for all the parties; Edward was to introduce him, Mrs. Dodd to recognize his friendship for her son, he was to say he was the gainer by it; Julia, silent at first, was to hazard a timid observation, and he to answer gracefully, and draw her out, and find how he stood in her opinion. The sprightly affair should end by his inviting Edward to dinner. That should lead to their inviting him in turn, and then he should get a word with Julia, and find out what houses she visited, and get introduced to their proprietors; arrived at this point, his mind went over hedge and ditch faster than my poor pen can follow. As the crow flies, so flew he, and had reached the church-porch under a rain of nosegays with Julia—in imagination—by then he arrived at Albion Villa in the body. Yet he knocked timidly; his heart beat almost as hard as his hand.

Sarah, the black-eyed house-maid, "answered the door."

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

ON page 285 we publish an illustration of the BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER by the iron-clads under Admiral Du Pont, on 7th April, and on page 276 an illustration of the SINKING OF THE "KEOKUK" on the following morning. We gave in our last number an account of the affair, but will make room here for an extract from the graphic letter of the *Times* correspondent. After describing how the *Ironsides* was disabled by the current, he adds:

In this plight it only remained for Admiral Du Pont to signal to the fleet to disregard the movements of the flag-ship. This he did, and the ships then assumed such positions as were available and they could gain, the whole number being at the mouth of the harbor, between Cumming's Point and Sullivan's Island, and opposite the north-east and eastern face of Fort Sumter, at distances of from six hundred to a thousand yards. While the manœuvres rapidly indicated in these paragraphs are going on, you must not suppose the enemy is inactive. The powerful work on Cumming's Point, named Battery B, opens; the long range rifle ordnance of Fort Beauregard join in; Moultrie hurls its heavy metal; the fifty guns that line the Redan swell the fire; and the tremendous armament of Sumter vomits forth its fiery hail.

There now ensues a period of not more than thirty minutes, which forms the climax and white heat of the fight; for though from the time when fire was opened on the head of the approaching line to the time when the retiring fleet passed out of the enemy's range there was an interval of two hours and a half (from half past two till five), yet the essence of the fight was shut up in those thirty tremendous minutes.

The best resources of the descriptive art, I care not in whose hand, are feeble to paint so terrific and awful a reality. Such a fire, or any thing even approaching it, was simply never seen before. The mailed ships are in the focus of a concentric fire of the five powerful works already indicated, from which they are removed only from five to eight hundred yards, and which in all could not have mounted less than three hundred guns; and, understand, these not the lighter ordnance, such as 32 or 42 pounders, which form the ordinary armament of forts, but of the very heaviest calibre—the finest and largest guns from the spoils of the Norfolk Navy-yard, the splendid and heavy 10 and 11 inch guns cast at the Tredegar Works, and the most approved English rifled guns (Whitworth and others) of the largest calibre made.

There was something almost pathetic in the spectacle of those little floating circular towers, exposed to the crushing weight of those tons of metal, hurled against them with the terrific force of modern projectiles, and with such charges of powder as were never before dreamed of in artillery firing. During the climax of the fire a hundred and sixty shots were counted in a single minute! Some of the commanders of the iron-clads afterward told me that the shot struck their vessels as fast as the ticking of a watch; and not less than 3500 rounds could have been fired by the rebels during the brief engagement.

It was less of the character of an ordinary artillery duel, and more of the proportions of a war of the Titans in the elder mythologies.

While the fleet is receiving the fire from the forts, what, in the mean time, are the iron-clads doing in return?

On the order being given to disregard the movements of the flag-ship, the brilliantly-audacious Rhind ran his vessel, the *Keokuk*, up through the others, and laid it seemingly under the very walls of Sumter, and within a little more than five hundred yards from it. Close behind him, within six hundred yards of the fort, is the *Catskill*, commanded by George Rodgers, a soul of courage all compact; and to both of them one could not help applying the exclamation of Nelson at Trafalgar, "See how Collingwood, that noble fellow, carries his ship into the fight!"

Close by is the *Montauk*, commanded by the heroic Worden; while not far removed are the *Passaic*, the *Patapsco*, the *Nahant*, the *Nantucket*, the *Weehawken*, and the *Ironsides*.

The whole fleet is devoting itself mainly to the face of Fort Sumter presented to it, with the exception of the *Ironsides*, which, from its position, can do better work on Fort Moultrie, and is pouring forth its terrific broadside from its seven 10-inch guns on that work.

Of the sinking of the *Keokuk* the *Tribune* correspondent says:

Almost my first look from the spar-deck this morning fell upon a sad sight. The *Keokuk* was sinking. She had anchored on the bar during the night. Her crew had been busy ever since last evening trying to keep her afloat by plugging the holes at her water-line. But at daybreak a stiff breeze set the sea rolling, rendering their attempts futile. Captain Rhind hoisted a signal of distress at about 7, but it remained unnoticed until nearly 8, when the tug *Dandelion* came alongside the sinking craft. Through the strenuous efforts of her captain, Acting Master Barrymore, every soul on board was saved, with a loss, however, of all they had.

The rebels came down to the beach in crowds and watched the operation. They were only five hundred yards' distance, but did not open fire on our people, and were not molested by the gun-boats.

REVIEW BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GEN

GENERAL BUFORD'S DIVISION OF REGULARS.—Drawn by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 282.]

REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On 9th April the President reviewed the Army of the Potomac on the bank of the Rappahannock, where they have been so long encamped. We publish on pages 277, 280, and 281, two illustrations of the scene from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud. The following account, from the *Herald* correspondence, will be read with interest:

The event of the season came off yesterday. The grand review, which the army has for days been looking forward to, and in which rival regiments were to vie with each other for distinction, has passed, and with it the "pomp" of war. The "glorious circumstance" awaits us, in our weary marches and days of toil yet to come; in the future apparently uninviting, but anticipated with dazzling visions. Great preparations had been made for the display, and for several days a large force was employed, with axes, picks, and shovels, leveling the fields. Ditches were filled, stumps and bushes removed, ridges cut down, and quagmires drained, until the Fitzhugh estate wore the appearance of a race track. Tall stakes, bearing the designs of the badges of the several corps, were planted in the positions to be occupied by the respective commands, and as the troops marched out upon the field the divisions wheeled into line as if by instinct, with no confusion, no noise, save the music of the bands, the tramp of the regiments, and the few brief orders of the officers.

Hours slipped by, and the dark blue masses on the plateau grew larger, the banners more numerous, the rattle of drums more bewildering. The artillery came out, and the great guns that thundered at the heights of Fredericksburg pointed their muzzles over toward the white tents in the hollows, and the little rifle cannon drew up by them briskly, as if proud of the work they did before Richmond, at Antietam, and over the pontoons down by the river. The columns were all in line, the men waited and grew impatient, and the battery horses, to amuse themselves in the cold, kicked each other's shins, and fiercely switched imaginary flies, and still the cortége did not appear. The wind swept across the open country, stinging the fingers of the soldiers, playing mad pranks with caps, tugging at the flags upon the tall bending staffs, as if impatient at the delay, and the troops began to fall out one by one to stir themselves into warmth, when suddenly a volume of smoke burst up from the right, followed by another, and then another, while the sullen boom of the guns rolled across to the left, and announced the commencement of the drama. The cavalcade was imposing. The President, mounted upon a large bay, took the lead, followed by a brilliant throng of generals, colonels, and officers of lesser rank, while the lancers, with their fluttering pennants, and a troop of orderlies, galloped after. Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by the Attorney-General and Captain Candler, of General Hooker's staff, in a carriage drawn by four spanking bays, and escorted by a squad of lancers, viewed the display from an eminence; but Master Lincoln, with characteristic enterprise, booted and spurred, rode bravely at the side of the President, followed by his dashing little orderly. And hereby hangs a tale. When the war broke out a smooth-faced lad came down with the troops from Burlington, New Jersey, and with the rest went into the fights. General Kearney noticed him, and made him his bugler, and all through the struggles on the Peninsula kept him at the front of the division. General Kearney fell, but the bugler remained, and, under the new commander, thrived as before. Now he trumpets for General Sickles at the head of the corps, and sports his sword-belt and broad sergeant's stripes with the air of a veteran. A favorite among the officers, his lot is far from being commiserated, while his future can not but seem promising. Steps have already been taken for giving him an education, and an appointment to the military school is hinted by his friends. Yesterday he accompanied Master Lincoln as inseparably as his shadow, and after the review initiated him into the science of managing the lance. The boys are fast friends, and ramble around together like brothers. Will their future histories be ever connected?

The artillery were quickly reviewed and passed off the field, when the President turned his attention to the infantry. The troops were drawn up in columns of divisions, and as the cortége rode down the front the banners dipped gracefully, the bands burst out with "Hail to the Chief," and the bugles sounded their flourish of greeting. The corps were reviewed separately, though all upon the same field, and while one was saluting and being saluted the others rested upon their arms, while the rear ranks sometimes fell out and danced fantastic jigs in the cold to the rattle of the drums in the distance. Guards were stationed around the field to restrain the throng of spectators, and officers, with scrolls in their hands, rode frantically about giving instructions; while General Patrick, as general officer of the day, calm, erect, and dignified as a Roman, moved from point to point superintending the movements of the troops, and here and there, by an order, easing the friction of the huge machine. From a knoll above the field the view was magnificent. Out upon a little swell of upland were crowded the President, the generals, and the staff, and over all the plain stretched the columns of the army. In the distance were the camps, the river, the spires of Fredericksburg, and the frowning batteries beyond; behind us, miles of mud-walled villages, long white-topped baggage wagons and cannon on the hills. Now and then the sun came out and lighted up the field with flashes that seemed almost supernatural. Then we caught glimpses of glorious things, visions of splendor, that vanished and seemed as a mirage. How the sunbeams danced on the rifles and bayonets, and lingered in the folds of the banners, will never be forgotten; how the shadows drifted over the plain and melted away with the music very few will fail to remember. Steadily the tide of veterans surged onward. The front was lost in the winding valleys leading to the quiet camps, and the rear still rested impatiently on the knoll; while the columns one by one continued to swing off from the latter, wind round before the President, and lose themselves in the distance. The afternoon wore on, and the regiments, like waves at sea, swept after each other as regularly as before, the drums kept up their furious rattle, and the sunbeams, playing hide and seek, lost themselves among the soldiery; spectators grew tired of the ceaseless tramp, the bugles and flutter of banners, and galloped home to their camps, and the President sat wearily upon his horse, waiting for the review to be ended.

At length the last regiment came up, dipped its colors and hammered its drums, vanished over the hill, and the cortége of generals and orderlies cantered leisurely back to head-quarters.

Notwithstanding the order directing the ladies in camp to change their base, great numbers of them remained, and in fanciful costumes appeared upon the field. Now and then we caught glimpses of crinoline and curls in the ambulances, and occasionally some fair equestrian dashed along the plain to the admiration of young officers and the envy of their less fortunate sisters. Artists were scattered about, pencil and port-folio in hand, sketching the beauties of the scene; newly-fledged poets sought inspiration of the muses and from the classic canteen, and the knights of the quill played round the edges of the eddy, here and there darting in to waylay an acquaintance or renew their assurances with a friend.

The appearance of the troops was remarkably good. Indeed, that they should look so well only forty-eight hours after the most terrible storm of the season is a wonder, and excited no little comment on the part of spectators. Uniforms were clean, arms bright as new, equipments in splendid condition. Every thing was in the finest style, and our Chief Magistrate could not but have felt a thrill of pride as he looked over the sea of bayonets, the blue coats, and the determined faces.

ONE OF THREE.

"You!"

The little word should bristle round with exclamation points of scorn, and sarcasm, and wonder to sound as it fell from the lips of my sisters. And yet I had said little to provoke contempt. They had been talking, as girls will, about marriage: telling what their husbands must be—young, of course; handsome, of course; above all, rich, of course—and I had only said that if *I* ever married I should not care so much about my husband's being young, or handsome, or rich. Those things were good and pleasant, but I could do without them—what I *should* like would be to have him a hero; so strong, and fearless, and brave that I should know his courage and strength would never fail me, let fate tax them ever so much.

I had forgotten myself and my customary position in the household when I said this; but the looks and tones of my sisters recalled my wandering thoughts, and I subsided into painful blushes and embarrassed silence. Long sentences could not have revealed more fully how utterly absurd in their eyes was the idea of my ever choosing or rejecting a husband than did that scornful "You!"

I could never understand why they did not like me. I was neither the oldest nor the youngest. One would have thought that to one or other of them I should have been the chosen friend, but neither fraternized with me. Edith, my magnificent elder sister, passed me haughtily by, and made friends instead with Mabel, who was by four years her junior. I suppose it was because I was not of their kind. They looked as my mother had done when she won my father's heart—regal blondes already, though Mabel was only fifteen. Tall and lithe, with the slender hands and feet, the small, proudly poised head, and classic face tinct with scorn, which had been the characteristics of the beautiful Lindsays for many a generation.

I, on the other hand, was my father's child—all Hunter. My figure was short and a little stout. My face was kindly, but dark and irregular. My hands and feet were not delicate, and I had—they were always telling me so—no pride, no style, no air. My mother, even, beyond the tender instinct of motherhood, which would have made her care for me in sickness, or weep for me if I had died, had no especial fondness for me. I have noticed that very handsome women seldom do have for daughters who in nowise inherit their own charms. My father should have stood by me, for I was a feminine likeness of himself, but he too swam with the current. He adored my mother, and loved with most tenderness those of his children who were most like her.

I ought, knowing all this, to have been very miserable; but I certainly was not. To be sure my heart was hungry. I longed with a silent pain to be dear, very dear, to some one in the world. It was hard to feel, as I often did, that if I died or went away it would make no especial difference to any one—there would be no one to miss me. So I just tried not to think of it; and with competence and health, buoyant animal spirits and a clear conscience, there is a great deal of joy in life which a young creature of seventeen, who is not morbid or sullen, can not fail of finding.

I was a little humiliated sometimes, as I had been just now, at some new proof of the slight estimation in which I was held; but on the whole I think I was not less happy or less cheerful than my sisters.

Just as they were sneering at me, with that quiet, lady-like contempt which expresses itself in look and accent rather than words, a neighbor came in—a friend as old as our oldest memories—Frank Gresham. He was twenty-one, just through college, and we all thought he loved Edith. With only two years between their ages they had been close friends always. He fully realized Edith's ideal—was young, rich, handsome, all that she required, in fact. I liked him too, for I thought he had the elements of a hero deep down in his nature, gay and careless as it was on the surface. I remembered childish perils in which his courage had protected us. I had seen his eyes flash, his face kindle, when we read in our school-days such sentences as Pompey's—"It is necessary for me to go—it is not necessary for me to live." For the strong, true manhood of which I believed him capable, I liked him and looked up to him; though I never had the audacity to think of any vain rivalry with Edith. I could be content to have him for a brother.

My sisters both turned to greet him as he came in, and Mabel, with the freedom of speech which no one ever seemed to consider out of place in her, our youngest, told him what I had said—making it sound a little more ridiculous and sentimental, perhaps, than was quite kind or just. He and I had been great friends in our romping boy and girl days; but he had been so absorbed in Edith that he had not noticed me much of late. He turned to me now, however, with a warm, kindly smile in which sarcasm had no part. He said, earnestly,

"I like you for that, Maud. Keep to your creed. True courage is the noblest thing in the world. Never marry a man who can not be your hero as well as your lover."

Then he turned to Edith and asked her, a little anxiously,

"You have heard of the President's call for three hundred thousand volunteers, have you not? Of course you must have guessed what I should think my duty?"

"Not to go?" and her fair cheek flushed, and her voice trembled a little.

"Surely to go."

"But if you should die!" and some very becoming tears just dimmed her blue eyes, and weighed down her drooping golden lashes.

Oh, how well I knew it, that brave look that had kindled his eyes in boyhood when noble deeds were talked of! It swept over his face now, glorifying his handsome features with heroic resolve. It shone resolutely in his earnest glance. His voice rang clear and strong. He quoted the old words, even,

"'It is necessary for me to go—it is not necessary for me to live.' I could never die in a better cause."

"But I—" and there Edith stopped, blushing painfully; for, tender and constant as had been his attentions for two months back, he had never yet asked her to love him. He made amends now. Taking her hand he led her into the next room, where our father and mother were, and Mabel and I followed them. He went straight up to our parents, and said, in firm tones,

"I have enlisted for the war. I go to-morrow. I love Edith. Have I your leave to ask her if she loves me, and to win her for my betrothed bride, if I can?"

To see Edith his wife had been, I knew, the dream of both their hearts—but to have her wait for him for years, while her proud beauty should fade, and then to have him come back crippled and helpless, or not come back at all, that would be sadly different. And yet, on the other hand, the war might be short—he might return covered with glory, and the wife of Frank Gresham might have cause for loftier pride than times of peace could ever have justified. There was no time for hesitation. They read each other's eyes a moment, and then said, with one accord,

"Ask Edith."

He turned to her then, trust and homage in his face such as men seldom give to women, and of which—Heaven help us!—not half of us are worthy; and looking at her, with his soul in his eyes, he asked,

"What does Edith say? She knows how I love her."

What she said was not much, but she looked uncommonly charming. She let her hand lie in his, and then nestled close to him, with a sudden, fond motion. He led her away silently out of doors; it was a brilliant summer day, and no one knew what he said to her then, out of the depths of his full, true heart—what vows were interchanged, what fond words spoken. I was glad and proud, with an utterly unselfish rejoicing. The union seemed to me so suitable. I had always nearly worshiped that stately blonde beauty of Edith's. She seemed to me like one of the fair women the old Norse heroes loved, and were so ready to die for; and I thought she would be a fit crown and reward for the deeds of valor I expected from this knight of to-day.

All that afternoon they were together. At night they were with the rest of us for a while, and then they went out under the summer moon, and passed their last hours alone. The next morning the final parting came. Then Edith provoked me a little. She sobbed, and implored him to give it all up and stay with her; declared it would kill her to part with him, calling him back time after time; and at the very last never giving him a single smile or a word of parting cheer.

"Could you not have kept your lamentations till after he was gone?" I asked her, sharply; for I had seen tears in his eyes, and it is a bad omen when a soldier goes away with wet eyes, and the one he loves best does not say, "God speed you!"

My acidity proved an excellent restorative. She put aside her bewailing to tell me that "Much I knew about it. If any one should ever love me, it would be time enough for me to decide then how I ought to part with him." Then she went off again into a paroxysm of sighs and tears, mingled with a great many adjectives about her brave, gallant, devoted, noble, loving Frank, until I was glad to escape from the scene, and ran out of doors, and along the path which led from our house to the Greshams', with, I believe, some vague idea of going to see how his mother bore it, and trying to comfort her. When I was half-way there I met Frank coming back.

"I was returning on purpose to try and see you, Maud," he said, as he met me. "I am very uneasy about Edith; and I want you to promise to write me and let me know how she is. She is so delicate, and this parting seems to overcome her so much. I fear she may write to me cheerfully, for my own sake, when she is really suffering; and I want to know the exact truth. Will you send it to me?"

It seemed to me that he must be seeing a reflection of his own unselfish courage in the shallow mirror of Edith's nature; but I wondered how, after the scene of the morning, he could have a single fear of her ever suppressing her own grief, being silent about her own sufferings, for his sake. I did not tell him this thought, of course. I promised him that if his Edith should be ill, or seriously depressed—if I saw her losing the strength of her physique, the brightness of her beauty—I would write to him. If any thing should be the matter, he might depend upon me; but I thought to myself that the chances of his hearing from me were not many. Still my promise seemed to comfort him, and he went away at last quite cheerfully.

No matter for the months that came after that. Suffice it that I had no occasion to write to Frank. I am sure Edith liked him very much. The feeling she called love might have sufficed very well for the needs of an ordinary man and an ordinary life. It was not her fault if she had not an intense nature. She gave him her best, and we do not refuse to look with pleased eyes at an artificial pond in our pleasure-ground, sparkling in the sunshine, because it is not as deep as the sea. Who shall say that a rebounding, elastic, gutta-perchaish temperament is not a blessing? At any rate, Edith found her account in having such a one. She wore the ring Frank gave her, she wrote to him, she went quite often to see his mother; and when any brave deed of Captain Gresham's was talked of, she smiled at his praises, as well she might, with a serene pride. But her color did not fade, or her appetite fail. She displayed her customary solicitude about her winter bonnet, and made some excellent bargains in silk dresses after hearing a shrewd financier predict the rise in exchange. Altogether, I saw no symptoms which made it my duty to write to Frank.

It was a day in November when a change came to our lives. I sat at a front window, ostensibly sewing, but really watching the Indian summer glories of the landscape. My eyes followed the swift wind tossing the dun gold mists over the hill-tops, and then came back again to rest upon the path by which Edith's lover went away. I saw his mother hurrying toward our house with quick, yet tottering footsteps. I knew when I saw her that something must have happened to Frank. He was her only son, and she a widow. I went out silently, and hurried down the path to meet her.

"I am so glad to see you first, Maud," she said, as I drew her weak arm through my young strong one. "My boy, my Frank, is ill, dying perhaps. It is some horrible malignant fever caught among the marshes. They sent me word, and I am to tell Edith. I fear for the effect of my news upon her. I shall start for Washington this afternoon. I must see my poor boy before he dies."

I too trembled for the effect of the news upon my sister. Surely that careless heart would be stirred to its depths at last, and whence was to come her strength to cope with bitter trouble; she who had but "fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life?" I told her the sad tidings myself, gently as I could; but when I saw her ready tears fall, and heard her weak self-compassionate exclamations, my heart hardened against her. I think Mrs. Gresham's did also, for she said, a little sternly:

"I must go home again at once. I have some preparations to make, and the next train leaves at three this afternoon, just four hours from now. If you are ready to go with me you can join me at the station."

I went home with the poor, heart-broken mother. Edith did not need me. There were enough others to soothe any sorrow of hers, and I could not let the one whose anguish was deepest go back alone. I was with her an hour, and then I went home. I expected, yes, I honestly did expect to see Edith busy with her preparations. I was not prepared to find my mother and both my sisters sitting calmly in the library, with no change in their accustomed pursuits, except that instead of embroidery Edith had a cambric handkerchief which she put now and then to her eyes. I was indignant, and I suppose my voice betrayed me.

"Why are you not getting ready, Edith?" I asked, sternly. "You will have none too much time."

My mother answered me.

"Edith is not going. We all counseled her not. If Frank were only wounded it would be different, but that horrible fever! She would be sure to take it, and it would be the merest throwing away of life. There are nurses there who can do a great deal more for him."

"Did you forbid Edith to go?"

"No, as I said, we advised her."

"Very well, if you did not forbid her, you must not forbid me. *I* am going. What she will not dare for her lover I will dare for my friend. Mrs. Gresham is old and feeble, and could not tend him night and day. As for me, I am young and strong; and I have self-confidence enough to believe I can do more and better for him than any hired nurse."

"I do not want you to throw away your life any more than Edith," my mother said, in a tone of expostulation.

I answered, bitterly,

"I have not waited until to-day to learn that my life is not of much value to any one besides myself. I am going, mother, and if I go without a God-speed from any of you I can not help it."

"You will not go without a blessing, my good, brave little girl."

It was my father's voice which spoke. He had come into the room unnoticed, and heard my words. I think he recognized the kinship of my spirit with his own, and his heart warmed to me in that hour, as perhaps it had never done in all the years before. He aided me in the few preparations I had to make, and at last he took me to the station, where I was to join Mrs. Gresham. My mother and my younger sister had parted with me with unwonted tenderness, perhaps they thought they should never see me again. Edith had been a little sullen, and her good-by kiss had no warmth in it. I suppose she had an uncomfortable feeling that I was taking the place she ought to fill, and disliked me for it, without the courage to assert her right to go in my stead.

"Poor Mrs. Gresham's face brightened a little when she saw me, but she only said,

"How is this, dear? It was Edith whom I expected."

"They were afraid for her to go. They thought she might take the fever; and I suppose she was a little afraid for herself."

"And you?"—Mrs. Gresham's blue eyes searched my face—"you were warranted fever-proof, I suppose?"

"I had no fear. My life is not worth so much that I should hesitate to risk it in a good cause."

I knew that she was glad to have me with her by the way her fingers closed over mine; but she did not say so, for just then my father, who had been looking after my trunk, came up for a last good-by. He held me a moment in his arms, and then he said,

"God keep you for me, my own child. If I have ever seemed cold or neglectful to you, forgive me in this hour. I shall think of you and pray for you night and day till I see your face again."

Once the cars started, and after a minute I could no longer see him on the platform, looking with dim eyes after me. I was going to Frank—to death perhaps.

I can never remember much about that journey. We did not talk much, or eat, or sleep. I seemed

in a trance, and something was whirling me on, on. We got there at last. Poor Mrs. Gresham was white with weariness, but she did not know it. She must see her boy. He lived still; so a hospital surgeon told us—a kind, good man, who had charge of his case—but there was not much hope. Three-fourths of the poor fellows that had been taken as he was were dead; but he held yet, and while there was life there was certainly a chance for him.

"Will he know me?" Mrs. Gresham asked, plaintively.

"Just now I think he will. Some of the time he is out of his head, but he knew me five minutes ago."

"Will the excitement of seeing me do him any harm?"

"Surely not. I tell you frankly he is too sick for any thing to excite him. There is nothing he wouldn't take coolly now. This way."

And so he led us in.

Was that Frank—that ghastly frame worn to a skeleton—that haggard face spotted with fever? I wonder if his own mother would have known him if Dr. Austin had not stopped at his bedside and called him Captain Gresham?

"Mother," said a voice—his voice still, but oh! so changed and hearse, "I knew you would come. I expected you to-night. But—"

He did not finish his question; but I saw his wistful, searching eyes, and I knew he longed, yet feared, to ask for Edith. So I stepped out of the shadow and said,

"I came in her stead, Frank."

"Is she dead?" he cried, lifting his weak head from the pillow, and clutching my fingers in his skeleton hand with a strange, deathly energy. His mother answered him:

"No, Frank. She is alive, and I suppose she would like to keep so. She was afraid, and they were afraid for her, that she would take the fever."

I hope I shall never see again such a smile as curved his thin lips. It was too awful. Scorn, pity, hate, and a mutinous love, which you could guess that he despised himself for feeling, were all expressed in it, and the worn-out frame quivered to the finger tips with a keen pang he was too proud to show. He looked at me.

"If you poison us do we not die?" he muttered; then said aloud, smiling bitterly, "So they did not fear for *you*, Maud?"

"Maud did not fear for herself; I think that was the difference," his mother answered; unwisely, it may be, but she was sorely tempted, and perhaps to know what she thought about the matter did not really harm him.

"No, I suppose not," with a bitter gloom shadowing yet more his ghastly face. "Maud was not a beauty like my Edith. I do not blame my fair betrothed. There is danger; and that bright skin, those starry eyes, those lengths of golden hair—they are not meet for worms to feed on. Hush! Did you say orders have come to march? Good news! If we lay here much longer, with this white poison fog creeping up about us, we should all be dead. Help me, will you? It is hard work getting up; my bones are stiff."

"He is out of his head now," Dr. Austin whispered. "His attacks come on just so suddenly. Mrs. Gresham, you can be of no more use to-night. You must go to bed, and keep your strength for to-morrow."

She hesitated at first, but he was positive, and made her go—using the argument that he wished to husband her strength for the time he should need her more, in order to have her of the utmost possible use to her son. As I passed him in going out he whispered,

"Come back, if you are not too tired, when you have seen her settled for the night. She is too worn out to do any good, but I may want you."

How long the time seemed till I could steal away from her, on pretense of going to my own room to sleep, and rush back to the hospital! Dr. Austin was at the door.

"Captain Gresham's sister?" he said, inquiringly.

"No; my name is Hunter. I am the sister of the lady Captain Gresham is engaged to marry. I came with his mother to help her in the journey, and to be of what use I could to him."

I thought it best thus to make my position clear in the first place. He nodded approvingly.

"You can be of the greatest use. Captain Gresham needs tenderer and more constant nursing than most of our poor fellows are likely to get, how the hospitals are so full. There should be some one with him every moment. You have a cool hand and steady nerves; I think you will do. His mother is not fit for night duty. If you could be with him nights, and she days, it would be making you both very useful. You have only to follow the simple directions I shall give you, and send for me if there is any serious change. But"—and he looked at me with those scrutinizing eyes of his—"you are too tired to sit up to-night."

"Not at all. I do not need rest, and I am in no mood to take it. I should much prefer to be employed."

"Yes; I suppose you would not rest much if I sent you away. Come!"

I followed him again to Frank Gresham's bedside. I thought at the first glance he was dead. Then I saw the clothes stir slightly above his chest.

"Is he asleep?" I whispered.

"No; only worn out. He had a sort of paroxysm after you left him. Now he may lie in this lethargic state for hours. You have only to sit by him and watch him. Drop a tea-spoonful of this liquid between his lips once in half an hour, and let me know if any thing happens."

He went away, and left me sitting in the dimly-lighted hospital beside Frank, my old friend. Practically we were alone, for every one else in the great room was absorbed in their own sufferings or their own duties, and we had our little nook quite to ourselves. I sat there and wondered if I should be alone with him when he died; and if, by close watching, I could see his soul go! I wondered if Edith's dreams were sweet and her slumber peaceful, in her far-away couch of ease! I would not have changed places with her—not even for the dower of all that blonde beauty, and all the love with which Frank Gresham had loved her. I wondered if there was any slight chance that he would ever live to love her again! And then the half hour was up, and I dropped the medicine between his purple lips.

Two weeks followed that night, of such suspense as only those know who keep watch beside a bed where life and death are struggling together. Every night, all the night through, I was at my post. Day times Dr. Austin persistently sent me away to sleep, and to breathe purer air, but with the nightfall I was back again.

All this time he had not once again spoken of Edith. Of course he had thought of her, but whether with tenderness or reproach I had no shadow of indication by which to guess. She had written several times letters full of affectionate words, but which seemed to me utterly hollow and superficial. I read him each one, and the smile that crossed his lips every time I could not understand.

There came a night at last when I had no longer any hope. He was worn down, it seemed to me, beyond the possibility of longer endurance; and now a fierce, secret, withering pain began to search every fibre of his system. I suppose he himself felt that he could not live, for just at midnight he reached out his hand and touched mine. He spoke, and something of the old melody thrilled in the changed tones of his voice.

"Dying eyes see clearer than living ones, Maud. I know now, lying here, that I never ought to have sought your sister's love. I do not blame her, poor child! because she has failed me in my bitter need. It is Bible wisdom that we should not ask grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. I ought to have known better, but her beauty dazzled me. She was so heavenly fair that I did not look beyond to see how little her nature had in common with mine. It was not her fault that God made her weak and timid—only fire and ice can not mingle. And yet—no matter. Give her my blessing, Maud, a dying man's blessing. Two days ago I thought I hated her. I do not hate her now. You have been good to me, child. I ought to thank you. Will you—dare you kiss me good-by, with this fierce fever scorching my lips? I should like to carry your kiss with me, my true friend."

I bent over him—was it wrong when I thought he was dying?—and my lips clung to his with—oh, what a sudden, mad, passionate despair of love! What he might have been to me I had never known till then. All the longing which, through lonely, unloved years, had filled my heart quivered in that kiss—the first, the last. Did he understand it? He only said,

"There is another world, Maud."

"Shall I call your mother?" I asked; for it seemed to me his face was growing gray and wan with the most awful change of all.

"Not now—in the morning. Let me sleep now."

Still holding my hand, he shut his eyes, and I sat still, not daring to move, and slipping my fingers fearfully now and then over his pulse to see if it was beating. And so I sat there for three hours, and it seemed to me that I could still feel a faint stir under my fingers. I knew I ought to call his mother and Dr. Austin, but it was hard to draw my hand away from the grasp that still held it; and there was something perilously sweet in the thought of being all alone with him at the last. I thought once or twice—could I help it?—how I should have felt if he had been my lover and not Edith's; and once I remembered with a secret thrill of joy that doubtless I had drunk the fever in that last kiss from his lips. I wondered if he knew it and had thought of it when he said there was another world.

And so at length the morning came and Dr. Austin with it. He stood at the bedside and touched the still face upon the pillow; bent his head to the lips, and then put aside my fingers and felt the pulse under them. I thought I was too well prepared for the worst for any thing like alarm; but his manner startled me, and my words almost choked me as I asked—

"Is he dead?"

"No, saved. He sleeps, and with such tending as you and his mother give him he will get better."

I did not betray any emotion—I was too proud and firm—but I knew I must be alone. I commanded my voice to say, in my usual tones,

"Then perhaps I can be spared. My head aches, and I begin to know now that I am tired."

"I should think you were. I have let you half kill yourself. Go, and be sure you don't come back till to-morrow morning."

I smiled.

"Of course I shall watch to-night as usual. I know enough of illness to be aware that such a convalescence is critical and needs close watching."

"Of course it does, so close that I shall stay with Captain Gresham to-night myself. I am resolved to be minded."

I found he was in earnest. In the afternoon a message came that, as Dr. Austin was going to watch to-night with Captain Gresham, I could come to the hospital for a few moments now if I liked.

I went and found our patient, oh so pale and changed and wretched-looking, but better, as even my inexperienced eyes could see. His mother was with him. When I came she cried, and told me that I had saved her boy—that Dr. Austin said it was owing to my care that he had not died. How could she thank me? What could she ever do to let me know how grateful she was?

"But now I fear Maud's turn for needing care will come," said Frank Gresham's hollow voice. And then as I bent over him he whispered, so that no one else heard it—

"I believe I was mad, last night, Maud. I felt sure I was going to die, and I did not care if you died too. I shall never forgive myself."

I forgave him easily enough. I did not think I had caught the fever. I did not feel its poison current in my veins. My blood flowed healthfully, and my heart beat with a tranquil pulse. But if I had caught it, if I should die—ah, it would not be so sad. There are things in this world harder to bear than death, and I thought such might await me when I went home.

It was a month before we were able to move our patient. His illness had carried him into the very valley and shadow of death, and the steps by which he climbed up again were slow. I did not devote myself wholly to him. There were others in the hospital who learned to know me, and I think found my visits welcome. I was prohibited, however, from any more night duty, and seldom saw Captain Gresham except in the presence of his mother. He still made me his secretary, however, and I read him letters from Edith, full of felicitations on his recovery, and expressions of sympathy and affection. I offered to answer them for him, but he refused. He would wait, he said, until he could write himself, or until he should see her. Once she wrote offering to come to Washington. He smiled when I read him the proposal.

"I suppose you write to her?" he asked.

"Certainly. Ever since I have been here I have sent a bulletin of your progress almost every day."

"Then perhaps you will not object to give her a message from me. Tell her I thank her, but we had better put off our meeting till I can come home. I could not bear to expose her to this infected, hospital atmosphere. She is too lovely to run any risks."

I wondered if any satire was latent in this remark. I wrote home precisely what he said; and I suppose Edith saw nothing amiss in it, for she wrote back, with cheerful acquiescence, that she would do whatever dear Frank thought best.

He never alluded again to what had passed between us on the night when we both thought he was dying. Sometimes I half fancied it had all been a dream; but it lingered with me day after day, constantly recurring and asserting its right to a place in my memory.

Before we left Washington Dr. Austin asked me to marry him. He was not only a good man, but a true hero. Frank, who loved him enthusiastically, had told me stirring tales of his coolness and bravery. He was all that I had once said I wanted in a husband—a man whose strength and courage would never fail me, let fate tax them ever so much. And yet—why was it?—I did not love him. I told him so, and he accepted my decision like the noble man he was.

"You have never given me reason, Miss Hunter, to think you loved me," he said, in answer to a fear of mine—"not the slightest. My only ground for hope was that I loved you so well; and I shall not care less for you because you can not return it. You are my friend, I know. If you hear that I am gone, some day, I think you will drop a tear for the memory of a man who loved you enough to live or die for you."

I could not help the tears which blinded my eyes at his words. I wished, as he walked away from me, that I could have loved him, and so have found rest in that noble heart. Then a thought crossed my tender mood which I am half ashamed to confess, it was so weak—what would my sisters say if they could know that one man had offered to marry *me*?

The traces of the horrible fever had all left Captain Gresham's face before we carried him home, all save a paleness which, it seemed to me, made him handsomer and more interesting than ever. I think Edith thought so when she met him; for, before I left the room, I saw her glance of scrutiny, and the smile of satisfaction which followed it. I went out before I had seen how they met, or heard them address a single word to each other. It was at his own house, where we had arrived the night before. Mrs. Gresham had begged me to remain with her, and assist her to get a little settled down before I went home, for the fatigue of the homeward journey, added to all she had passed through before, had told sadly upon her strength. Of course we had sent word to my sister and my parents the first thing in the morning. Edith had returned with the messenger in high health, radiant beauty, and a most becoming toilet. How I longed to know, as I went out of the library and sat down alone in the parlor, whether her presence would carry the old spell with it! Would he forget that she had failed him in his hour of trouble, become again the slave of her grace and beauty, and cease to think his love had been a mistake?

I did not hear any footfall, and I sat leaning my face on my hands, when some one shook my shoulder not very gently. I looked up. Edith stood there, her whole being kindled to a white heat of passion of which I had not thought her capable. Was it wounded love or injured pride? How the color glowed on her cheek—how her eyes glittered—how royally handsome she looked! Her tones were fierce, but low:

"You have played your game well, sister Maud. Sickness and nursing proved trump cards. I never liked you—I do not like you now. But I must give praise where praise is due—you have played your game well. Frank Gresham went away my worshiper; he has come back yours. It was a worthy undertaking to gain his love, and it is worthily accomplished."

"It was at least one for which *you* were not ready to make much sacrifice," I retorted, stung to the taunt by her insolence.

"No, I was not ready to risk life and loveliness in a position which no one but his wife or mother ought to have filled. Besides, I did not know of what weak material my lover was made, and how dangerous it would be to be out of his sight when another woman was in it. It is as well. If I had gone to Washington I might never have escaped the misery of marriage with a man who has proved himself fickle and beyond words false."

She swept out of the room, and without consideration, urged on by I know not what impulse, I went to Captain Gresham. The moment I had opened the door and stood in his presence I remembered that she had said that he loved me, and was fiercely angry at myself for going to him. But it was too late to retreat, for his eyes were on me. He, at least, looked far from miserable. He smiled as he said, in the old clear tones I had once thought never to hear again,

"Your sister has refused to fulfill our engagement, Miss Maud."

"Did you ask her?"

"Certainly I did, but not till I had told her a few plain truths, which did not seem agreeable."

"For instance?"

"For instance, that I thought, if she had ever had one spark of true, honest, womanly love for me, it would have been she, not you, who would have come to me at Washington. I had idealized her before that: she was kind in discovering to me my mistake. I told her, moreover, that I loved you, Maud; but I added that I had never told you so, and, if she chose to marry me, I never should. In that case, though romance between us was over, I promised to make her a kind and faithful husband."

"And you would have married her?"

"Certainly, if, knowing all, she had chosen to be my wife. She had my promise."

How I liked the look in his eyes which enforced his words! If there ever was a man to whom honor was above all, that man was Frank Gresham. He was silent a moment, and then he said,

"She refused my offer scornfully, bitterly. My past with her is all over. I am free now to tell you what I have longed to say every day for the last four weeks: I love you, Maud, with every pulse of my heart. Will you share my life?"

I did not think it necessary to tell him that I loved him. I made sure that he must have known that. I said, instead, the first thing that came into my mind:

"They will condemn me, Frank, all of them. They will say I went on to Washington to supplant Edith. I shall be called unwomanly and unsisterly."

"All the more reason then that my love should shelter you. I am not free from self-condemnation. Not for what I have done to-day, however. Feeling as I now do toward Edith, it would have been sinning against God and my own soul to have married her without telling her. But I was very wrong in the first place. I ought not to have been so hasty. I should have waited longer, been wiser, more cautious. I can never cease to blame myself for my weak rashness. But you, dear child, no one who knows you can ever doubt that you came to me out of pure friendliness—to help and comfort me and my mother when your sister would not come."

Then I told him all Edith had said, and he tried to convince me that no one else would ever see what I had done with her eyes; and so he comforted me, and made me lighter of heart at last.

"But there is one thing you have not told me," he said, holding my hand when I was going away, "and that is when you began to love me. How long has it been?"

I saw he would not let me go without his answer, so I told him the truth.

"All my life, I think, but I did not know it till that night when I thought you were dying."

"And you refused Austin for my sake? He was a noble fellow. I don't see how you could help loving him."

"How did you know?"

"He told me, Maud, of my love and my hopes."

He was growing demonstrative, and I got away from him. It did not seem right to let him love me. I could not divest myself of the idea that he ought to belong to Edith. I longed for counsel. Most opportunely I found it. When I went out my father was waiting. I would not let him go in to see Frank until I had told him all. He did not blame me. He gave me his consent and his blessing, and promised to make it all smooth for me at home.

I think he had hard work at first; but after a time he managed to persuade mother and Mabel to congratulate themselves that the matrimonial prize was not going out of the family. Then he compromised with Edith by giving her unlimited spending-money, and arranging that she should pass the rest of the season with our aunt in New York. When she had gone away I went home, and Frank, my acknowledged lover now, was seldom away from me.

Last week he came to me with news that his leave of absence had expired, and as he was well enough now, he must proceed at once to report himself at head-quarters. Whatever sharp pain pierced my heart I tried not to show it, and answered him cheerfully.

"But I want to leave my wife behind me," he resumed. "My mother would be happier to have you there, and if I am wounded there must be no question as to your right to come to me."

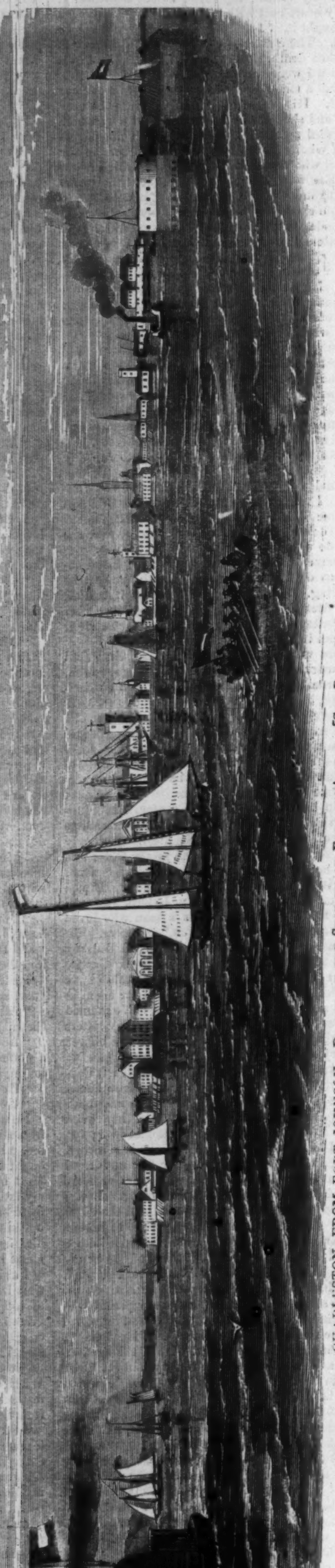
"As I came before, I think you need not fear that I should fail you now."

"I do not choose to run any risks. Had you not rather I would think of you as mine for life and death? If I die, had you not rather they should call you by my name?"

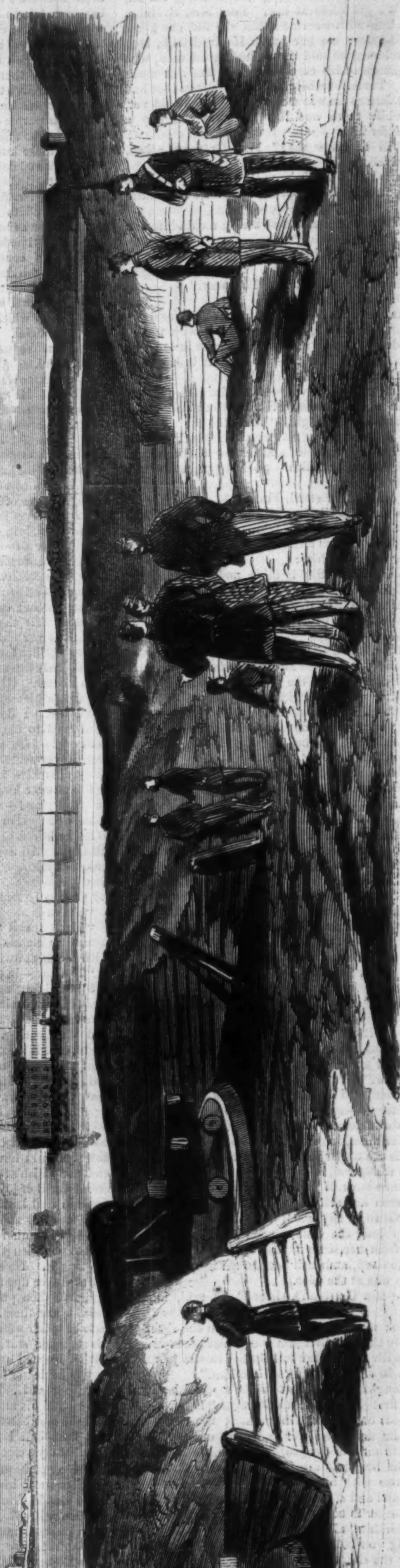
That thought decided me. Then, too, I was not sorry to be permanently away from home before Edith returned.

We were married, quietly indeed, with no pomp of feasts or bridemaids, no radiance of satin raiment. It was not a time for mirth when we, who were made one to-day, were to part to-morrow; but even with that future near at hand I was a happy bride.

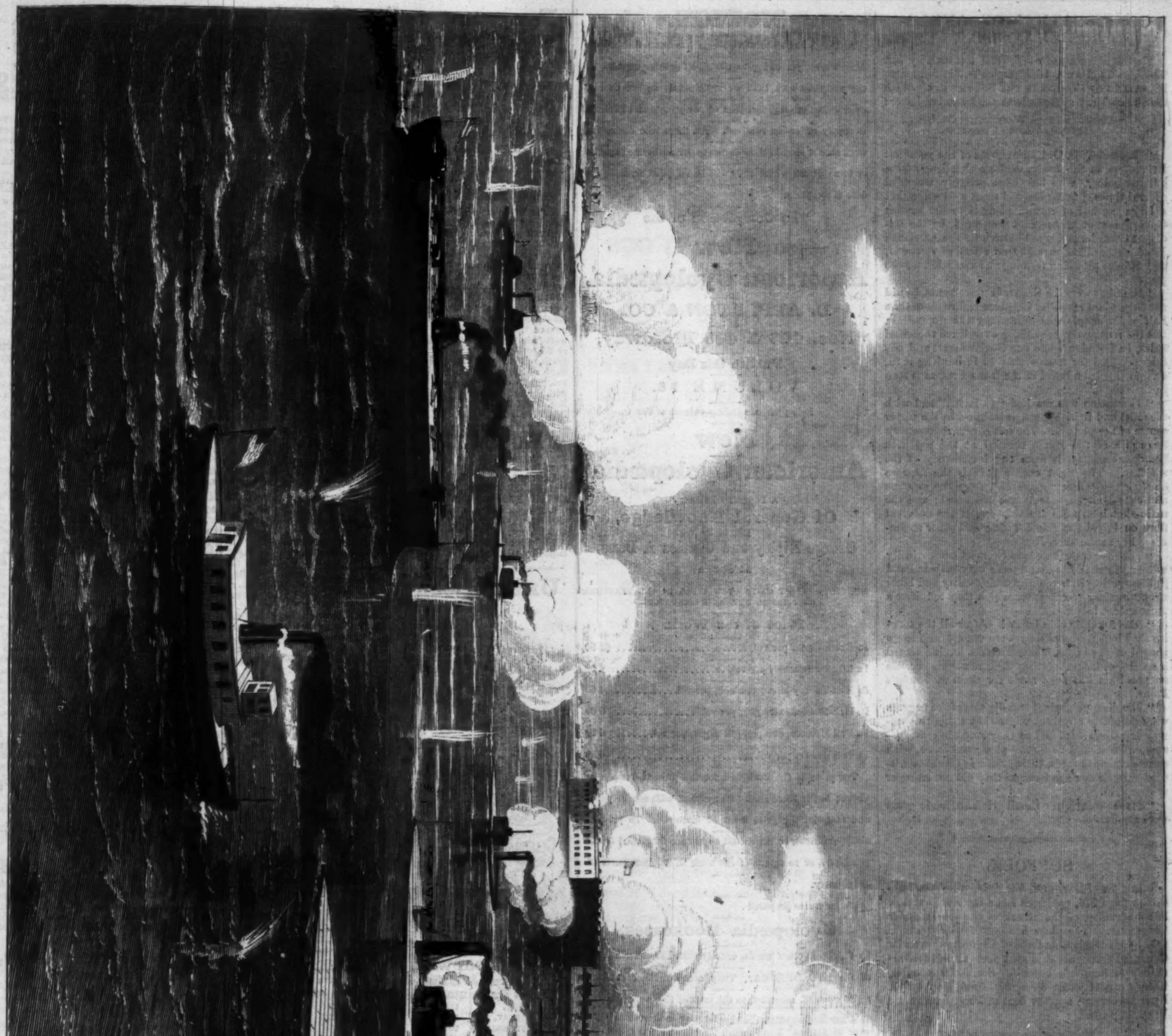
What shall I say of our parting? If I wept it was not till I had seen the last of him. No tears touched his lips with my kisses—no moan broke discordantly in my benediction. He is gone. I wait for him. I shall wait, God knows best how long. But when two souls are made one it is not in the power of the universe to divide them. Hence all partings, all sorrows, must be but for a night, and through them shines the sure joy which "cometh in the morning"—no matter though that morning break with a glory not of this world.



CHARLESTON, FROM FORT JOHNSON.—DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



THE DEFENSES OF CHARLESTON, LOOKING SEAWARD.—DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 286.]



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER, APRIL 7, 1863.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.—[SEE PAGE 279.]

CONFISCATION OF ANGLO-REBEL COTTON.

THE design on page 273, from a sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, illustrates the SEIZURE AND HANDLING OF COTTON IN THE SOUTHWEST. With the sketch Mr. Davis sends us the following letter:

"AMERICAN BEND, WASHINGTON CO., MISS.,
120 MILES ABOVE VICKSBURG,
Monday Night, March 30, 1863.

"General T. E. G. Ransom, one of the youngest Brigadiers in the army, and an excellent and a gallant officer, who has been severely wounded several times, having learned some weeks ago that a large amount of cotton, pledged to the British Government at seven cents per pound, by the soi-disant Confederacy, was hidden near the American Bend, determined to make an effort to rescue it, and at once set about forming an expedition for the purpose.

"Rapid as were the General's movements, he did not succeed in reaching the place before more than half of the staple was burned by the guerrillas; but the remainder, something over three thousand bales, he has secured to our Government, and has been engaged for some days past in hauling it in, and putting it on board of the transports, as is seen in the sketch.

"The cotton was marked "C. S. A.," and with the rebel and British flags, as is shown in the upper centre of the picture. The left corner represents a huge pile of the staple covered at the top with boards, to protect it from the inclemency of the weather. The right corner reveals the negroes hauling the "fleecy monarch" from the swamps and cane-brakes where it was concealed; and the main sketch exposes the shipping of the floculent fibre on board the *David Tatum* and other steamers lying at the shore.

"The poor contrabands toiled most energetically to bring in the cotton, and were very instrumental in discovering it, hoping by their fidelity and labor to obtain their freedom, for which they manifest a most ardent longing.

"Alas for their vain hopes! After all the service they had rendered they were not allowed to go aboard of the boats, General Grant having issued a special order prohibiting their removal, because no provision has been made for them at Young's Point.

"The disappointment and distress of the negroes were painfully apparent when they made this unwelcome discovery, and as they stood in crowds—men, women, and children—along the levee, with sorrow-stamped faces, their grief was pitiful to witness—all the more so because they did not murmur or complain.

"Seneca was right: Small griefs are loud; great woes are dumb. D."

SUFFOLK.

THE view of SUFFOLK, Virginia, which we publish on page 276, possesses some interest just now in consequence of the attack of the rebels under Longstreet. The place has been fortified, and is held by a considerable force of Union troops under General Peck, who, it is said, feels satisfied of his ability to maintain himself. Suffolk is a small, filthy town of great antiquity, small population, little trade, and a great deal of Virginia dirt and Virginia pride.

CHARLESTON FROM THE INSIDE.

WE publish on page 284 two illustrations of CHARLESTON, from sketches made for a London paper by Mr. Vizetelly, who is now in Secessia. Mr. Vizetelly has a high opinion of the strength of the various defensive works which protect Charleston harbor, and considers Forts Johnson and Moultrie almost impregnable. The open battery, without casemates or adequate traverses, does not, however, impress one with any great idea of power; and we doubt not, when our iron-clads renew the attack, but they will find Fort Sumter and the other works pervious to iron argument.

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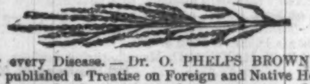

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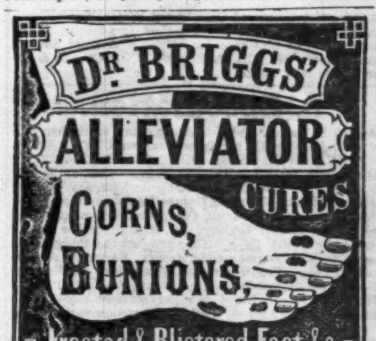

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